THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXV No. 1765

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

NOV. 18 1933

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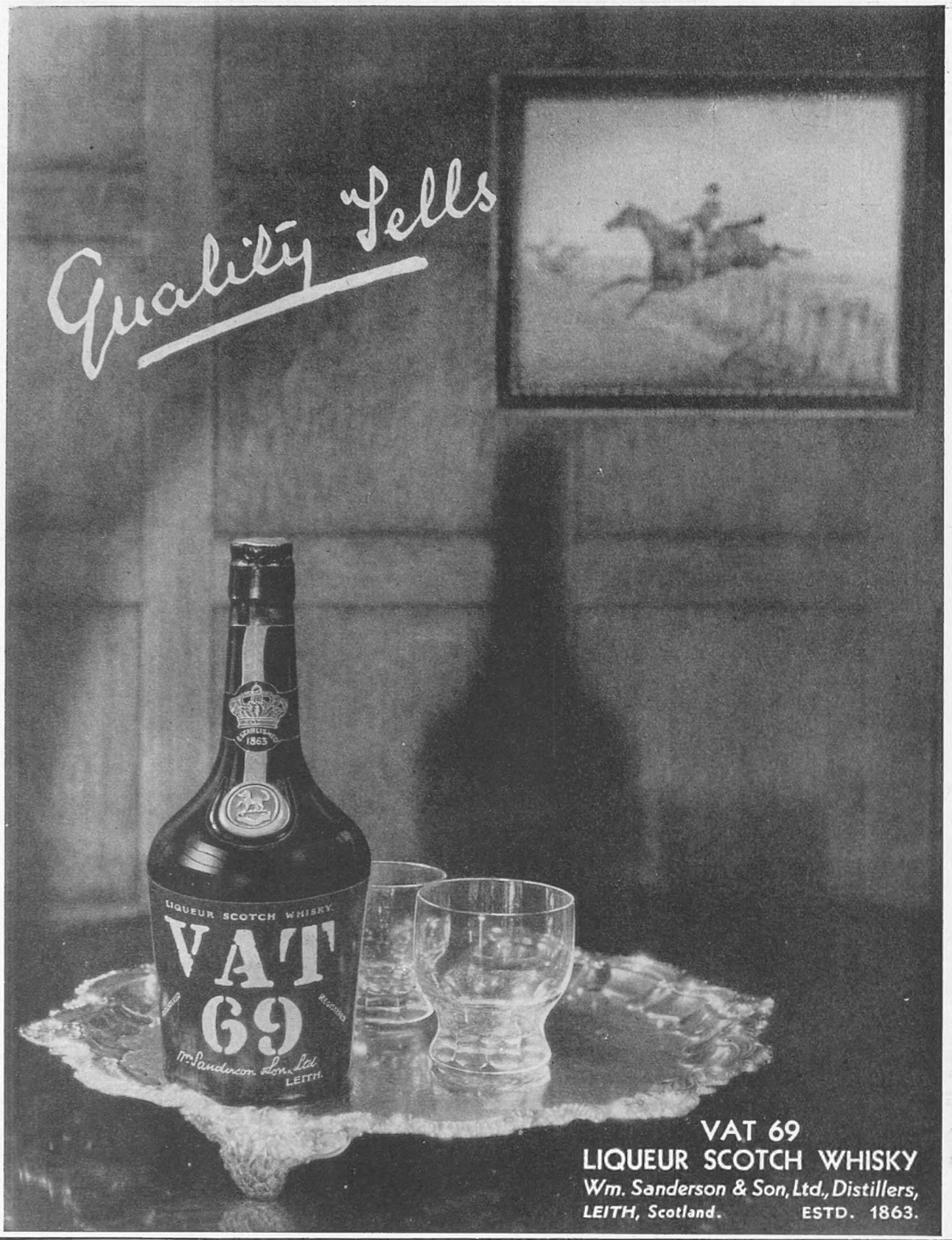

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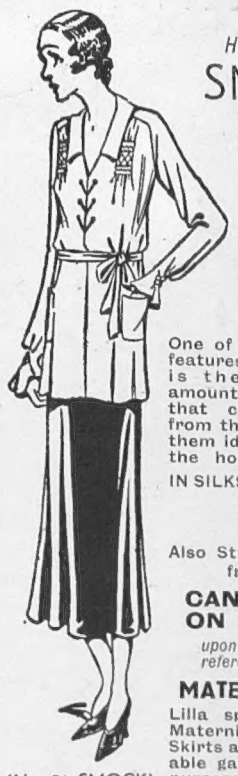

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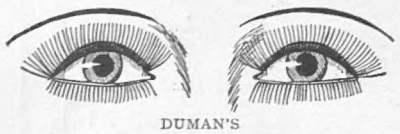

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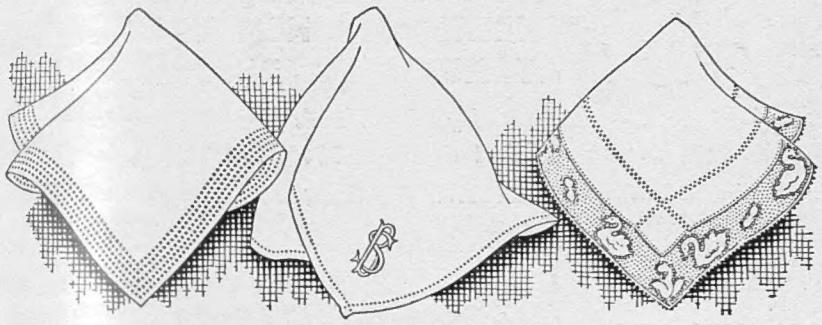

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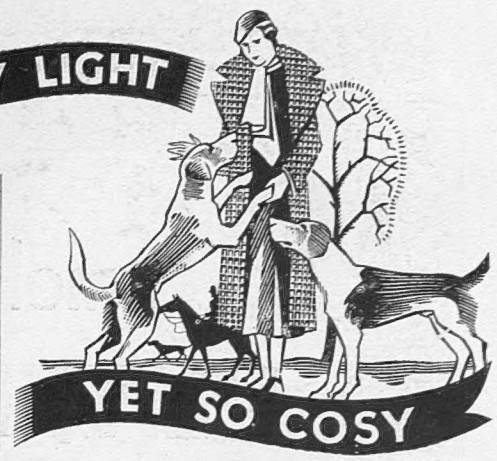

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the double collar and cuffs are an appealing feature of this novelty weave woollen frock.
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there's a touch of lamé on the self bow trimming the neck of this velvet gown.
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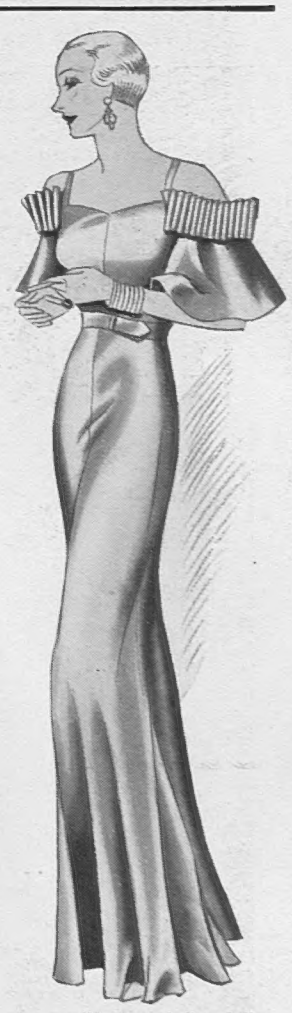

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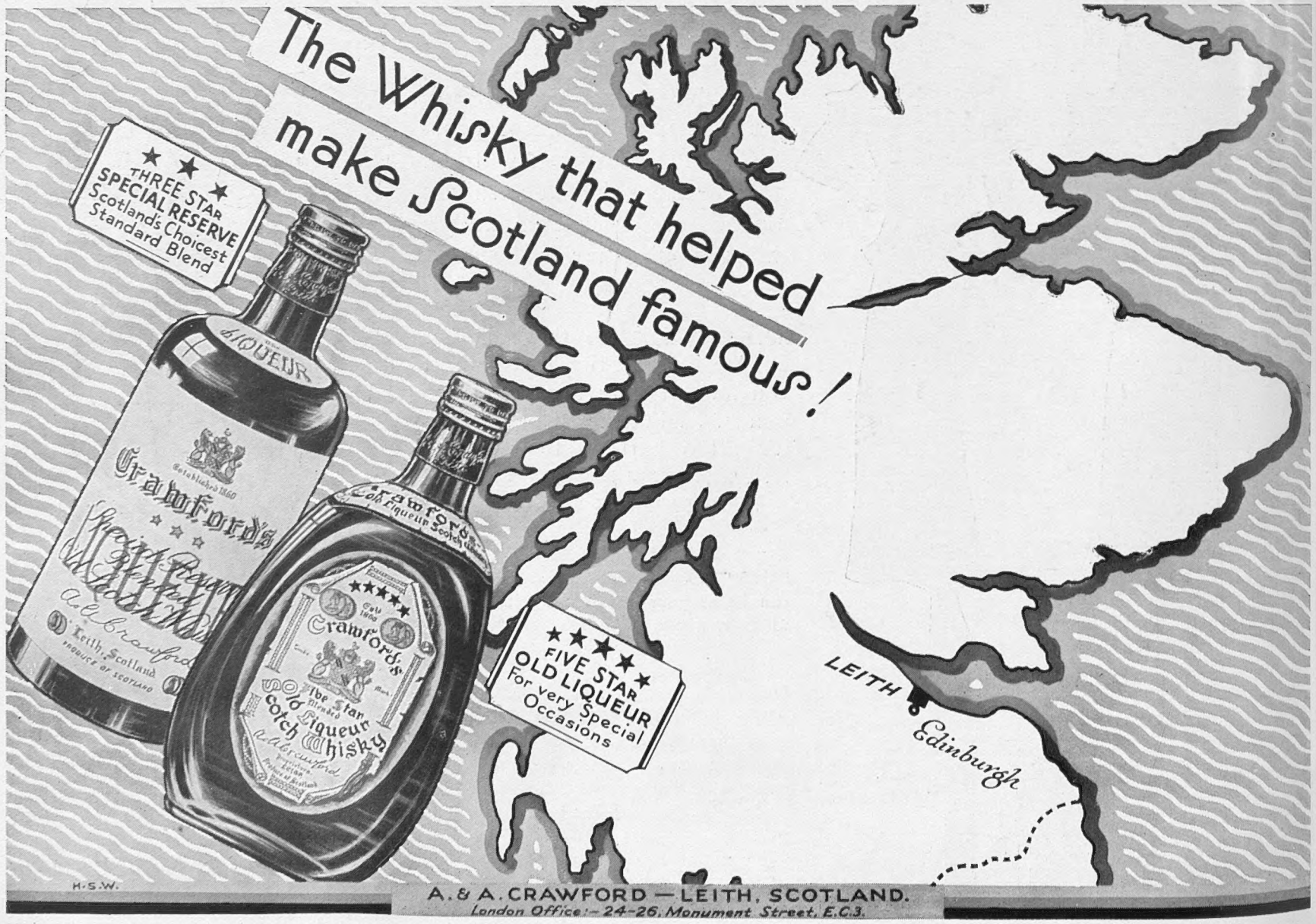

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 18, 1933

THE PARTRIDGE UNDER FIRE

Shooting Among the Woods at Holborough, Kent

Since September 1 partridge shooting has been in full swing and enthusiasts all over the country have been enjoying the sport under the most temperate autumn conditions we have experienced for some years. The above picture, which was taken at Holborough, Kent, shows a partridge drive in progress. This method of shooting, as opposed to the formerly universal one of walking them up, demands a far higher standard of marksmanship. This is particularly so in an October or November wind when the swerve of the driven birds makes them a difficult mark for even the crack shot. The end of this month should see the last of the big drives, partridge thereafter becoming incidental to the bag

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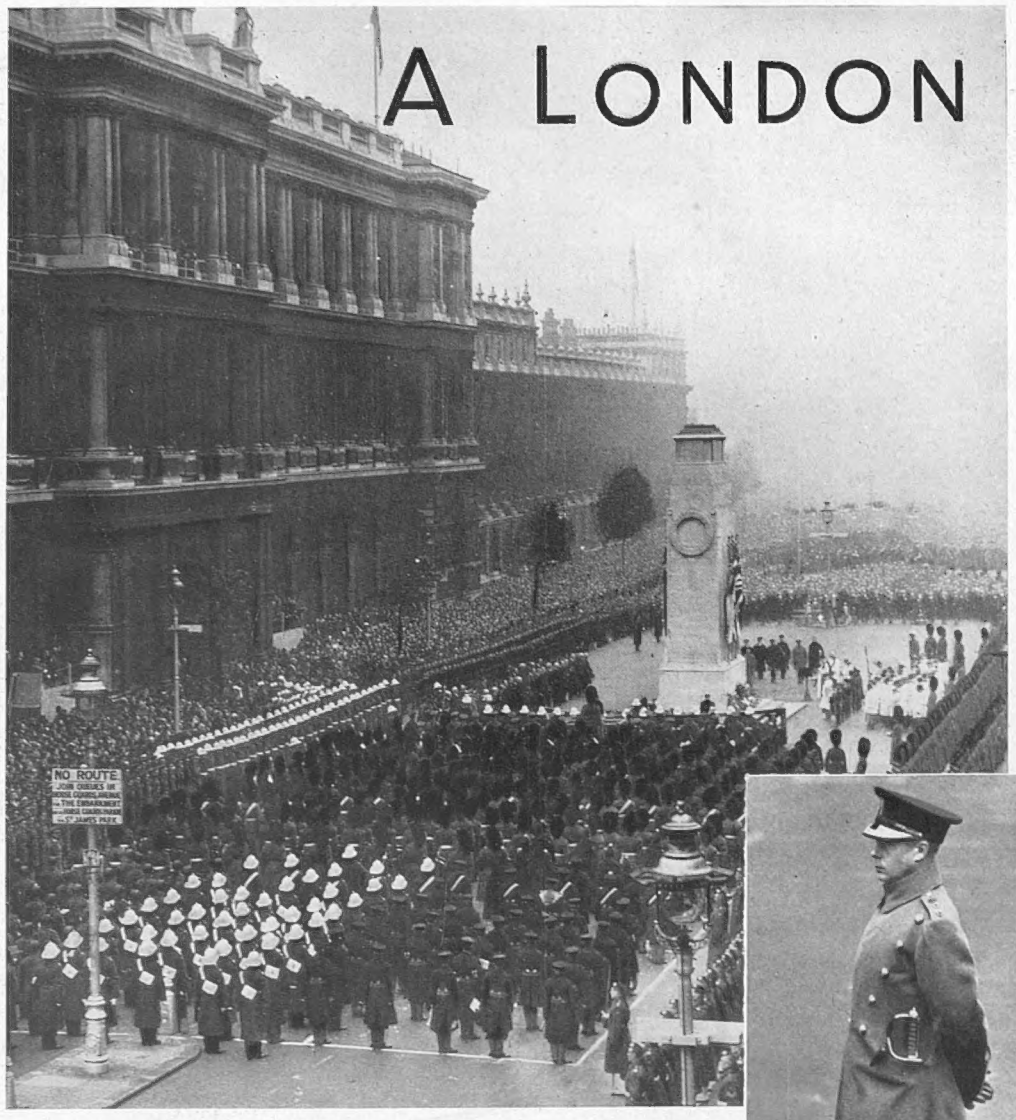
A LONDON NEWSLETTER



SILENT WE REMEMBER: The scene at the Cenotaph during last Saturday's observance of the two minutes' silence on the fifteenth anniversary of the Armistice

DEPUTIZING FOR HIS FATHER: The Prince of Wales at the Cenotaph service. His Majesty's medical advisers considered it inadvisable for him to run the risk of catching a chill in the cold morning air of Armistice Day

ARMISTICE DAY IN THE CITY: A sea of bared heads during the two minutes' silence outside the Royal Exchange

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: H.R.H. reading an inscription on a cross on the Field of Remembrance

RABBI DR. E. W. KIRZNER watching the sale of poppies at the Grove Lane Synagogue, Stamford Hill, London

346, STRAND,
W.C.,
Wednesday,
November 15, 1933.

WINDING UP AND STARTING AGAIN.—The King opens now a new Session. But the loyal Commons have already warmed their seats in a rather hurried winding up of the tangled skeins of the old and troubled Session. Last week they discussed or dealt with a number of burning questions and important measures. Disarmament, *imprimis*, that bogey of civilization, the evergreen and never settled War Debts question, the everlasting business of the new Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement, the Cabinet's St. Vitus' attitude on Lotteries and Betting, the present condition of the moribund Economic Conference—a banquet of very old and dry bones which have neither life nor decent burial. More constructive, or a matter of routine, the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, the Firearms Bill, the Nationality and Aliens Bill, and the Road Traffic (Amendment) Bill, with the inevitable Socialist vote of censure as a sort of light-hearted *mi-carême* in a Lenten period. Rip Van Winkle, had he returned last week to Westminster, would have sworn that he had not stirred a yard from the Parliament buildings, nor closed an eye nor missed a single sitting in a decade. And so to the new Session, the King's Speech, and the Unemployment Insurance Bill, of which, despite its controversial nature and its inevitable disappointments in store for certain classes of workers, the Government has high hopes.

AT GUILDHALL.—Twice a year—in May and in November, at Burlington House and at Guildhall—it is the custom that the Premier or other chief Government spokesman shall give an account of his stewardship under the polite auspices of artistic or civic grandees. In theory the occasion is "privileged." It is the Premier's *quid pro quo*, his method of paying for his good dinner. On the basis of "all friends here, I hope," he lets his hosts into a secret or two. But in fact, of course, though the audience that actually sees the speaker is friendly, enthusiastic, and uncritical, the audience which hears him over the wireless and reads him in the Press is a world audience. And his speech is prepared meticulously with the larger audience in view. So it was at Guildhall. Mr. MacDonald raised his voice that it might carry certain guarded phrases to Berlin and to New York and to Europe. What a different story the Government spokesman had to tell in November 1933, and in November 1932, concerning our domestic state. In 1932, grave doubts and faint hopes and distant prospects. In 1933—well, the sheaves garnered are worth cataloguing: Imports of raw materials up by one-third in the past quarter. Exports generally up by 10 per cent.; England again leads the world as an exporter; 700,000 more workless absorbed into employment and released from maintenance by the taxpayer. And then, Mr. MacDonald raised his voice (which by the way has changed curiously in the past year, changed as remarkably as his method of delivery, which has become more and more sonorous, crooning, and sing-song) in order that New York might hear once more that Europe's troubles are still her own vital concern; that Europe and English constituencies might hear and mark the measure of our honest endeavour to set a fearless example in disarmament, even to and beyond the danger point for police duties. And finally that Berlin should hear our friendly invitation to her to allow calm reflection to sway her councils; and if, as her representative has said, she has even now proposals to make, to make them without delay in the full assurance that they will be considered with sympathy and without resentment for the recent upsetting of the painfully filled applecart. It was indeed a careful, polished speech with a very wide appeal. Yet somehow one had the sensation that it was being delivered in a Highland kirk, and that soon the tuning fork would give the note for the 110th Paraphrase (Tune Kilmarnock).

NADIR SHAH AND AMMANULLAH.—So much good has been said of the character and work of Nadir Shah since the news of his murder that we—humble men-in-the-street who know nothing at all about the internal affairs or international importance of Afghanistan—have been persuaded that a great worker in the cause of peace and the health of our Indian Empire has gone from us. Even in these enlightened days of radio talks our ignorance is appalling. But it is not we only who are guilty of gross ignorance regarding the domestic politics of Afghanistan. "Only the other day" Ammanullah, with his smart evening suits and uniforms, was splendidly lodged in Buckingham Palace and flattered by all and sundry till his head revolved like a spinning top. He was then in the act of imposing on his conservative nation those "far-reaching, wise, and Western reforms" which to-day we all characterize as the product of a diseased or perverted brain. Presumably his splendid reception over here was inspired and directed by the Government experts. And when Ammanullah was forced to abdicate, we all sent him messages of sympathy, and our hearts bled for poor benighted Afghanistan. As for Nadir Shah, he was merely a new outlaw going back to out the usurping outlaw. Now Nadir Shah is dead and our Government experts all remind us how wonderful he was, entirely forgetting how they boosted up Ammanullah and forced him upon the King's hospitality "only the other day." Poor Ammanullah! He was surely the perfect playboy of the

Western world. To-day he lives in Rome and there he is likely to remain, for no one in Afghanistan, it appears, wants him or his Western and liberal reforms. And his still small voice piped a solo when he belittled the worth of the murdered Nadir Shah, and frankly admitted he was "a little glad to hear of the successful attempt to murder him." I think it is legitimate to poke fun at that Government-inspired ovation to Ammanullah (which I at least clearly remember) in the light of to-day's Government-inspired eulogies of his successor who was everything which Ammanullah was not.

OPTIMISM IN DUBLIN.—Speaking in Dublin last week, Mr. de Valera expressed his belief that before the end of the present Government's term, Ireland would see an all-Irish Republic in working order. It would be brought about in a simple, peaceable, and inexorably logical way. The Free State's political, economic, and social condition would become so attractive that the six counties of the North would come, hat in hand, to clamour for admission to full rights in that blessed State. That I believe was the sense of Mr. de Valera's utterance, and on the assumption that he is sane and was not indulging in an ill-timed practical joke, the average Englishman who reads the paper and keeps his ears open must have rubbed his eyes and wondered if he had been in a long trance. So much to do, so little time in which to do it! Unless our Free State news correspondents are blind, deliberately deceitful, or utterly incompetent, the Free State at the moment, politically and economically, is in no condition to attract any animal but a vulture or a bailiff. And it is impossible for any sane man in this country, studying the available information, to believe that a transformation to attract Northern Ireland could be achieved in a decade or less.

HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE.—As a result of the German plebiscite of Sunday the 12th, the German nation may fairly claim to be the most united people in Europe. The cynic may point out that if a suitor for the hand of a fair lady imprisons the object of his love in a cellar and, presenting a loaded pistol at her head, asks her if she loves him, he will probably get the answer he wants—and expects. But in the case of Hitler and Germany, the pistol gesture was merely a needless safeguard. For there is no doubt at all that a majority of the German nation did from its heart approve Hitler's decision to retire from the Disarmament Convention, if not to give notice of retirement from the League. It has long been an open secret, now being brightly "released," that the vital clause in the revised "preliminary trial" plan, at which many nations besides Germany strained, was the provision for inspection by an International Commission. Germany might have swallowed the trial period during which the armed Powers would be limited but not disarmed, and she might have accepted for herself reorganization of the Reichswehr on a short-term basis; but what, in all the undisclosed circumstances, she could not face was the periodic investigation by an International Commission, and this provision was not much more acceptable to some of the other Powers. This undoubted fact defines the measure of sincerity among the Powers which have been of late years working together for disarmament and peace. As Lord Lothian has pointed out, the real, and not the alleged, causes of Germany's terrible decision must be appreciated by the peoples of the world if any pressure is to be brought to bear on the Disarmament Conference in the resumed discussions, which must soon follow the German national declaration of solidarity now given to the world.

"TIME REMEMBERED."—Lady Horner has chosen a charming title for her reminiscences, which contain intimate sidelights on her friends and contemporaries in the political and artistic world, notably Mr. Asquith, Lord Haldane, and the Burne Jones circle. "Time remembered is grief forgotten" is from Swinburne's *Chorus from Atalanta*. I think there *is* no doubt—War years convinced me of it—that to put on record the recollections of those one has lost is a surcease from the bitterness of grief. Lady Horner's son, Edward, a young man of great charm and promise, fell in the War, and there is a glorious little equestrian statue of him in Mells Church, one of the finest war monuments I have seen. The Manor House, Mells, is one of Somerset's many gems of architecture. It is full of relics; curiously enough there are a number of relics and pictures of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of the Young Pretender. An inspired book-gossip writer the other day allowed himself to announce that the rhyme of "Little Jack Horner" referred to the late Sir John. It is a far cry back to a rhyme which children have repeated for hundreds of years, back perhaps to the Abbots of Glastonbury. The vicar of Mells is "George Birmingham," or Canon Hannay, that prolific and humorous novelist of Irish life. He contributes a preface to Lady Horner's very interesting book.

THE OLD STAGER

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL: Some members of the distinguished company who assembled to celebrate Sir Charles Collett's elevation to London's chief civic office. Left to right at the top table: Sir John Gilmour, Miss MacDonald, the Brazilian Ambassador, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir Percy Greenaway, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lady Greenaway, and Lord Sankey

TETRAZZINI'S GOOD-BYE: The famous prima donna singing at the Albert Hall at the beginning of her farewell tour. She received a great ovation

MINISTERS AT THE CENOTAPH ARMISTICE DAY SERVICE: Front row—Sir John Simon, Lord Hailsham, Sir John Gilmour, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Stanley Baldwin; back row—Major Walter Elliot, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, Sir E. Hilton Young, Lord Londonderry

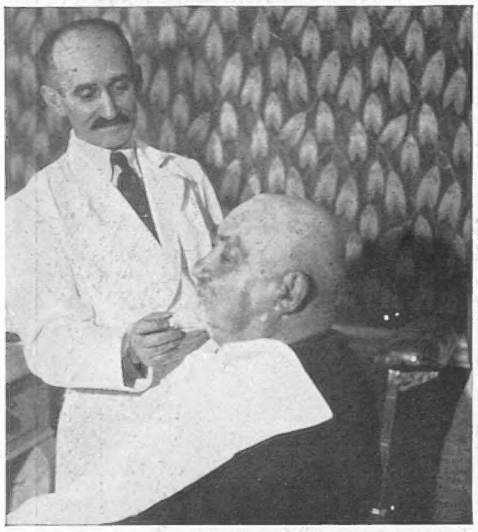
THE ANNUAL LONDON TO BRIGHTON "OLD CROCKS" RACE: A Star dogcart of 1898, and a James and Brown car of 1899 leaving Westminster at the start of last Sunday's race

KALEIDOSCOPE OF

THE MINERS REMEMBER: Observing the two minutes' silence near the coal face of a Derbyshire mine. In spite of criticisms from some quarters the general attitude of reverence towards the Armistice celebrations shows no sign of diminishing

THE PROOF OF PATRIOTISM AT THE GERMAN ELECTIONS: All those who voted in favour of the Nazis and supported the Government in its action in withdrawing from the League and the Disarmament Conference, could obtain after leaving the ballot offices a metal medal bearing the inscription "Yes"

HAIL! Storm troopers giving the Nazi salute as Chancellor Hitler arrived outside the Feldherrenhalle in Munich to deliver a special address in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Putsch of 1923. The Chancellor also unveiled a memorial to the police and those of his supporters who were killed on that occasion



CALM AND COLLECTED: M. Bonhoure, the Tarascon hairdresser, quietly continues his work after hearing the news of his 5,000,000 franc fortune in the French National Lottery

FIFTY YEARS ON THE RAILROAD: Mr. Harry Nappin, of Hanwell, has travelled over 2,000,000 miles as a G.W.R. guard. He is retiring

A ROMAN CATHOLIC POLICE COMMEMORATION: Some of the 300 members of the Metropolitan and City Catholic Police Guild who attended the solemn Requiem Mass at Westminster Cathedral this week for comrades of the Force who fell in the Great War. The sub-deacon at the service was Father Carter, a former Vine Street constable

LORD TRENCHARD taking the salute as members of the Guild marched past after the Requiem Mass. With him is Canon Howlett

THE WEEK

TEN YEARS SINCE: General Göring and Chancellor Hitler taking part in last week's tenth anniversary celebrations in Munich of the first Nazi bid for power in Germany. Sixteen Hitler supporters were killed during the rising

PROTECTED AGAINST THEIR OWN WEAPONS: A company of Italian troops equipped with apparatus for flame-throwing and wearing asbestos clothing and gas masks

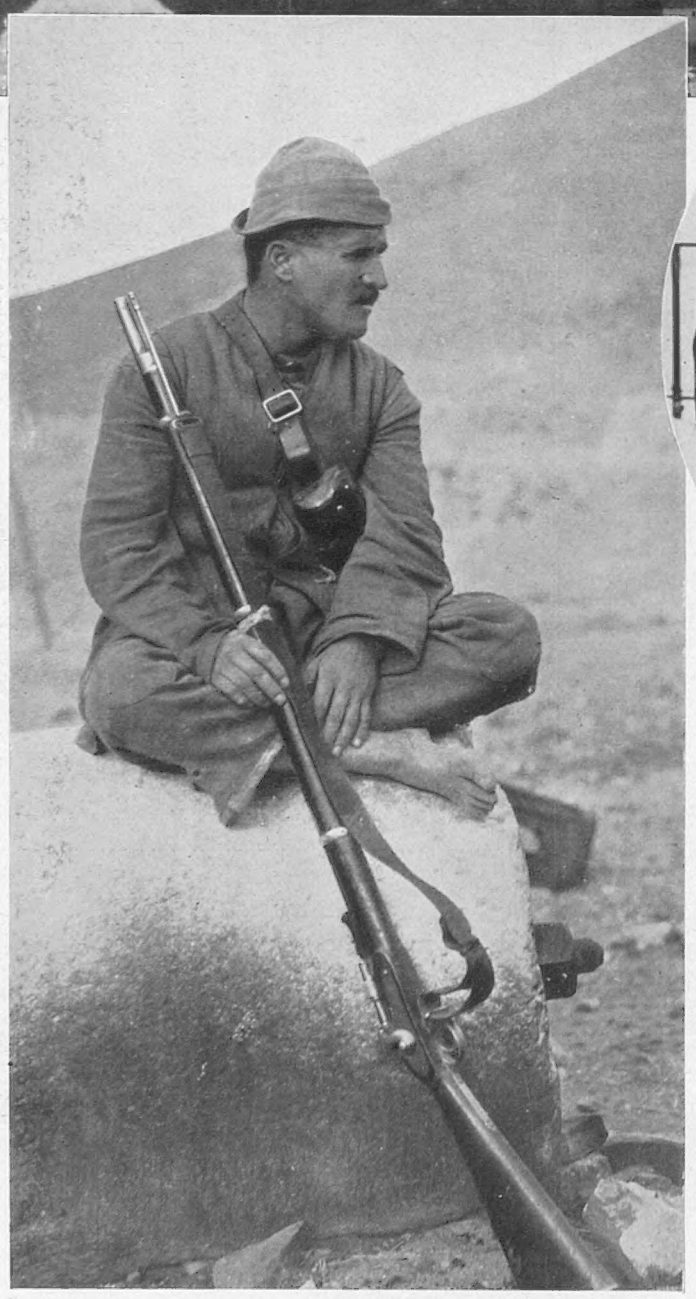
THE CHANCELLOR ON THE ROSTRUM: As this was the first anniversary of the Munich rising of 1923 since the Nazis came into power, the proceedings were planned this year on a particularly grandiose scale. This picture was taken after Hitler had marched through the city at the head of 2,000 veterans and was about to deliver his second speech of the day, a dramatic plea for peace

BETHNAL GREEN'S FIRST LADY MAYOR: Miss L. D. Penoly receiving the chain of her new office. With her is her sister, Miss Freda Penoly, who will act as Mayoress

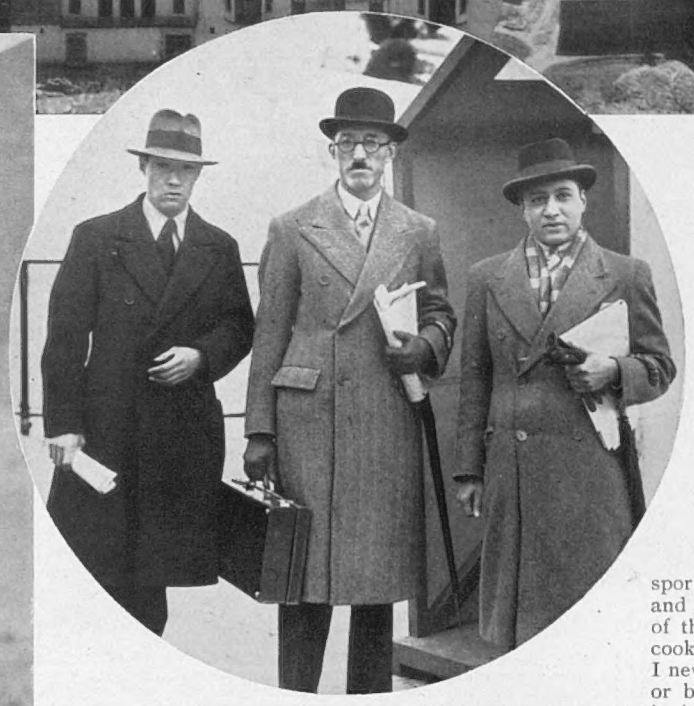
ARMISTICE DAY IN FRANCE: Members of the French Tank Corps marching past the Arc de Triomphe and the tomb of the Unknown Warrior during last Saturday's service in Paris. M. Lebrun, the President, stood before the tomb during the observance of the two minutes' silence

A DISARMAMENT DEPUTATION TO THE PREMIER: Dr. Hertz (the Chief Rabbi), Sir Josiah Stamp, and the Rev. John Scott Lidgett seen before their interview with Mr. MacDonald at the House of Commons

THE CITY AMONG THE Kabul to-day. It stands commands the passes through the



AN AFGHAN SOLDIER OF TO-DAY: The men are inured to a fighting life from childhood. They are extremely democratic, proud of their independence and their ancestry and, as ex-King Amanullah learnt to his cost, resent any interference with their mode of living



THE AFGHAN MINISTER IN LONDON (centre) about to leave Croydon immediately after hearing the news of King Nadir Shah's assassination

The accompanying account of life in Afghanistan to-day has been taken from the diary of a recent visitor to the country, who made a journey to Kabul during the recent reign of the ill-fated Nadir Shah.

"My first sight of Afghanistan was in reality so far removed from what I had anticipated as to seem fantastic. As a matter of fact, I was very comfortable. Instead of camping out in a dubious rest-house with no other accommodation than four walls, my own sleeping outfit, and some questionable water to drink, I spent the night in the palace formerly owned by Amanullah's mother. It had been turned into an hotel. My room was adequately furnished even to the printed writing paper and inkstand on the desk.

"At Jalalabad, five waiters served me my dinner. In approved manner one leaned over me from the left, with one elbow crooked behind his back and a napkin draped over his sleeve. The dining-room tables, all set with silver and napery, could have accommodated fifty people (and I was the only guest). A huge chandelier of crystal hung from the ceiling.

"Kabul the capital lies on a plateau 7,000 ft. up, over a day's journey from Jalalabad. It is sizzling hot in summer, icy cold in winter. The only guest-house (there is no hotel) is the café Wallee, where the food was served in courses with considerable flourish. The technique was there, even if the flavour was not. It was the favourite indoor sport of us Europeans to try and guess what was the name of the mixture for which the cook had originally headed. I never saw white bread, milk, or butter except when I was invited to the different legations.

"The town is a heterogeneous mass of European buildings and native-made, mud-brick dwellings. The plastered modern houses are rather Germanic in character. The drab-coloured earth walls and square roofs of the Afghan homes are plainly Arabic in origin. In the old streets of the Afghan capital behind the bazaars I discovered delicately sculptured balconies and wooden screens of similar grace and handiwork to those which I found in Italian Somaliland or Iritrea on the Red Sea.

"It was to keep the wheels of his woollen factory going that Amanullah decreed that his people must all wear the home product only. The demand at that time was greater than the output. In spite of the fact that the factory turned out daily 450 yards of cloth of about 8 ft. wide the lot, it was all disposed of the day it reached the Government shops. This is not surprising when one reflects that besides filling the citizens' needs, Amanullah provided uniforms for his army, his aviators, and all the scholars in his schools, including the girls. The plant itself is quite up to date with modern carding machines, automatic spindles, and patent electric dryers. The head of the factory has seen twelve rulers on the Afghan throne!

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REDSKINS ONCE A YEAR

PLAYING AT INDIANS: The chief's son rides his charger and wears his war clothes with all the assurance of his elders

THE REGALIA OF THEIR PAST: Men of the Stony Indian tribe who once a year adorn themselves in their war clothes, and for a few days live the life of the camp which their fathers enjoyed before the white man's penetration of Western Canada

Inset—A WOMAN OF THE STONY INDIAN TRIBE dressed in the traditional costume of her race for the annual festivities in which her people celebrate their past glories

THE CAMP AMONG THE MOUNTAINS: The chiefs and their councillors make merry beside their wigwam

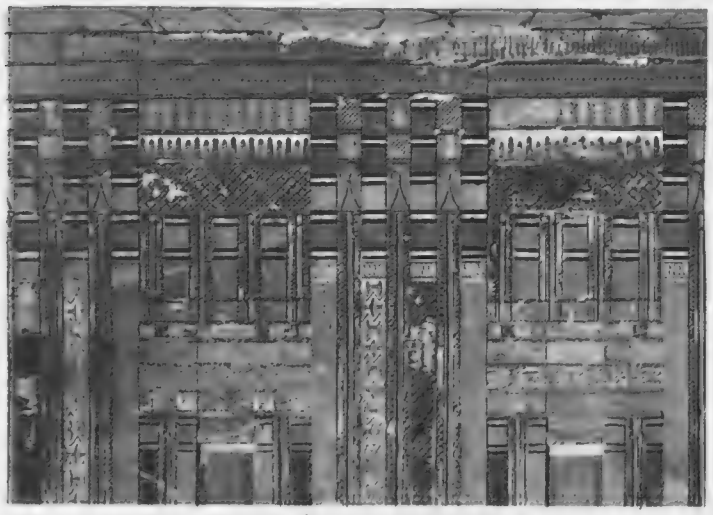
THEY USED TO SHOOT AT EAGLES, but to-day their skill with the bow is employed only in friendly competitions

Once a year the men and women of the Stony Indian tribe, who to-day live in peace and contentment in one of the Canadian reservations, revive the glories of their past and, donning their old war clothes, ride out among the mountains to enjoy the life that their fathers lived before the white man came to the West. At the foot of a steep rock, which they call Stony Chief, they open out their 100 or more wigwams and celebrate their freedom with dances and archery. In the old days the men hunted and fought on foot, and were noted for their quickness in dealing with the dreaded buffalo. With the conquest of Western Canada, however, the wanderings of the Indians were virtually brought to an end, and the Government decreed that they should live in the reservations provided for them. Although not possessing the full rights of citizenship, these people have been looked after well, and Canada gives them yearly grants of money, help in tilling the soil, free schooling, and free medical treatment.

THE PAINTED INTERIOR OF THE BURIAL CHAMBER OF SE'N-WOSRET-ANKH RECENTLY BROUGHT TO LIGHT AT EL-LISHT: This view was taken after the chamber had been cleared of broken stone and dust. The tomb is remarkable as showing colourfully painted mural decorations designed to have the appearance of doors

AS THE ROBBERS LEFT IT: The interior of the tomb was found piled with broken stone when the members of the American expedition finally forced their way into the sarcophagus chamber

A WIFE OR DAUGHTER OF SE'N-WOSRET-ANKH: A quartzite limestone statue found near the Mastaba. It is in excellent preservation



THE FALSE DOORS ON THE WALLS OF SE'N-WOSRET-ANKH'S TOMB: The American expedition brought to light this elaborate piece of geometric painting around the sarcophagus recess of the newly-discovered tomb at El-Lisht, thirty-five miles south of Cairo

THE STATUE OF THE STEWARD AU discovered in a tomb near the Mastaba of Se'n-Wosret-Ankh

A PAINTED TOMB

Discovered at El-Lisht

The New York Metropolitan Museum of Art's latest expedition to El-Lisht has been chiefly remarkable for the discoveries made in the tomb of Se'n-Wosret-Ankh. This Egyptian dignitary and High Priest flourished in the XIIth Dynasty about a thousand years before the birth of Tutankh-amen. As one of his offices was that of "Royal Sculptor and Builder" it was not surprising that he was able to plan for himself an extensive and elaborate tomb. This stands some distance to the east of the South Pyramid and was opened up by last season's expedition under the supervision of Mr. Ambrose Lansing.

One of the surprises which greeted those engaged on the work was the discovery that the tomb had been ransacked by plunderers who had reached the burial chamber itself, and apparently denuded it of those ornaments which could easily be carried away. A more pleasant surprise, however, was the fact that the walls, instead of being of plain white limestone like those of the larger tombs excavated on the site, were lavishly decorated. The end wall and portions of the adjacent side walls were brilliantly coloured and made to represent doors, while other parts were covered with closely ranged columns of hieroglyphic texts picked out in blue on a white ground. The ceiling was decorated with large blue stars.

Mr. Lansing states in his report that: "The plunderers' break through the south wall resulted in the destruction of a part of the texts carved in its surface. Similar damage was caused by their making a sounding through the north wall where they apparently thought a secret recess might be situated. Fortunately all but the smallest of these fragments were recovered in the course of clearing the chambers, and it was possible for Hayes (assistant to the leader of the expedition) to rebuild them into their original places."

Among the many objects found were statues of Se'n-Wosret-Ankh himself and inscribed blocks bearing a list of his various titles. In addition to being "Royal Sculptor and Builder," it appears that he also held the offices of "Priest of Ptah," "Chief of the Artisans of the Two Houses," and "Dean of the College of Scribes."

VIOLIN VILLAGE

A Music Lover's Paradise in Southern Bavaria

THE FIDDLE LINE: A remarkable picture taken in the garden of the violin builders' school in the little Bavarian village of Mittenwald. The instruments are hanging on the line after polishing

A LITTLE PUPIL AND A GIANT CONTRA BASS: Nearly everyone in Mittenwald takes an interest in the village's principal industry of violin making, and most of the children are excellent musicians

IN THE BUILDERS' SCHOOL AT MITTENWALD: Young pupils learning how to design a violin. They are taught that precision is essential, as the minutest details of form and proportion are matters of vital importance to the tone-quality of the finished instrument

THE ANTIQUE TOUCH: Preparing the surface of a violin to give the instrument the appearance of mellowness. When still in their 'teens many of the students are proficient craftsmen

MUSIC AND INSTRUMENTS OF THEIR OWN MAKING: Pupils giving an exhibition of their skill in the gardens of the school

THE VIOLIN STOCK AT THE MITTENWALD SCHOOL: A fine selection of instruments is always held in readiness to meet the demand

ELABORATE SEA DE

GUARDING AGAINST HEAVY SEAS AT SALTDEAN: Workmen engaged in strengthening the sea wall with a cement bedding. In common with neighbouring Rottingdean this little resort is rapidly increasing its population

THE NEW BANKING WALL now in course of construction behind the lower promenade at Saltdean

THE MODERN TOUCH: One of the recently completed staircases leading from the cliffs to the sea near Saltdean

IMPROVEMENTS AT ROTTINGDEAN: The lower promenade which winds beyond the cliffs in the direction of Brighton. The tides made some of the constructional work on this section particularly difficult

A SEA FRONT IN THE MAKING: A general view of the extensive construction works now proceeding at Saltdean. A tunnel in the cliffs gives direct access from the village to the foreshore. *In circle above*—An overhead view of the Saltdean Tunnel

FENCE AND IMPROVEMENT WORKS ON THE SOUTH COAST

Innovations that will Popularize the Growing South Coast Resorts

No part of the South Coast is developing more rapidly than the Brighton, Rottingdean, and Saltdean area. Everyone knows how the new London–Brighton electric train service is bringing the Metropolis within easy reach of the coast, and making it possible for hundreds of people to live by the sea who otherwise would be compelled to remain within the city or suburban area. This is without doubt one of the main reasons for the exodus southwards, which many believe will result in Brighton and district increasing its population by at least 100,000 within the next few years. As the accompanying pictures show, development at Saltdean and Rottingdean is going ahead very rapidly. At the former place a 150-ft. tunnel has been made through the cliffs in order to make the beach immediately accessible from the village and to save pedestrians, and particularly invalids, from having to cross the main Brighton–Newhaven highway. An imposing terraced promenade is also a feature of the work at Saltdean, which in future will have all the amenities of an up-to-date seaside resort. Plans are in course of preparation for an imposing hotel with a swimming bath and gardens, while the Brighton Corporation are under agreement with the Saltdean Estate Company to provide main drainage which will satisfy the growing needs of this resort for many years to come.

The Borough is also carrying out extensive widening improvements to the main coastal highway at a cost of £150,000, while electricity is being supplied to every house in Saltdean at an unusually low rate per unit.

Another important factor contributing to the development of this section of coast will be found in the sea defence schemes now being put into operation. For in addition to enhancing the appearance of the foreshore they are also tending to increase the confidence of private builders who, seeing the interest that is being taken in the area by the Brighton municipal authorities, are realizing that the future of these resorts is assured, and that their own enterprise is not in the nature of a risky speculation.

The total cost of these sea defence works, a part of which has already been completed, is estimated at £360,000. The general scheme involves the building of a sea wall, ranging in height between 12 ft. and 24 ft., which primarily safeguards the cliffs, and secondarily provides an excellent promenade along the coast. The constructional difficulties have varied considerably in each section, but in nearly all cases work has been held up by the tides. At Rottingdean the problem of building these defences was particularly acute, as at each tide the excavation and foundation works were submerged to a depth of 8 ft. In anticipation of these difficulties larger blocks of about 18 cwt. were employed and anchored in position by ¾-in. diameter steel rods. Very little trouble was experienced in handling these, and, as it turned out, the cost was no greater. The whole scheme has been most elaborately planned, and there is no doubt that, when finally completed, it will do much to enhance even further the importance of Brighton and her satellite resorts.

New Promenades from Brighton to Saltdean

THE FOUNDATIONS OF ROTTINGDEAN'S SEA DEFENCES: The main wall, which is designed in zig-zag formation in order to deal effectively with heavy tides, varies between 12 ft. and 24 ft. in height. The mass concrete foundations are taken to a depth of at least 5 ft. below chalk level and the cliffs are battered back, where necessary, to a slope of 1 in 8

Special "Sphere" pictures by William Davis

A SECTION OF COMPLETED SEA WALL AT ROTTINGDEAN: The wall has a base thickness of half the height and rises uniformly between the groynes in 12 in. courses of flint-faced pre-cast concrete blocks. The coping serves to deflect the spray from the cliff face

RENT DAY on DARTMOOR

When the Royal Landlord's the Famous Audit

AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE

The Prince of Wales chatting with one of his old tenants

OVER THE MOOR

Farmers on their way annual

DELIVERING THE ROYAL MESSAGE: Major H. McCormick during this year's Audit Dinner. *Left, above*—H.R.H. built on his estate

JIM ENDACOTT, the reeve, who has been in the service of the Prince for twenty-three years. *Circle*—Another picture of the Prince among his tenants

Beer, beef, churchwarden pipes, and an elderly woman who reminds us that she, at any rate, rose this morning at 4.30 to tend her livestock and tidy herself in order that she, like some 200 other tenants, might share the hospitality of the Royal landlord.

There is nothing else like this festivity in the West; this yearly Audit Dinner given by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to his Dartmoor tenantry.

The unbroken chain of these dinners has been maintained for centuries; tenants have sat down yearly, lighter in purse and conscience, supported by parson, doctor, and presided over by their landlord's deputy.

First, however, comes the paying of the rents, and the farmers and their wives trek into Princetown to meet their dues. The most practical form of transit for the moorman is the jog-trot of his pony, and several have jog-trotted in, light cars have disgorged others, while with triumphant machine-gun clatterings a real vintage Ford (of the spider-body type) has sailed round to the Duchy Hotel and decanted its owners. The sun shines alike on the moormen and their ladies and on the occasional grim, blue-clad reminders of the sinister background of Princetown, the convict prison, the warders strolling to and from their "work."

A focus is given the proceedings when the Prince's secretary's car purrs up the main street and stops before the Duchy Hall; Major McCormick is to preside at the Court. Here are checked up matters of the past year—most picturesque, perhaps, is the report on the pony-

the PRINCE'S ESTATE

Tenants Attend Dinner

to Princetown for the festivities

TO THE AUDIT DINNER

PIPES OF CONTENTMENT

Mr. Edward Worth (aged 79), the oldest tenant to attend the Audit Dinner, and his son, Mr. H. Worth

speaking on behalf of the Prince of Wales inspecting the site of a new Institute to be by the unemployed

THE TENANTS settle down to hear Major McCormick's speech and to enjoy their churchwarden pipes

drift which it is the reeve's business to present. His name is, I think, James Endacott, but everyone seems to call him "Jim." To-day, unfortunately, he does not wear that brown velvet coat and waistcoat, with those flat shining brass buttons on, that link him with tradition, but he does give the details of that most traditional ceremony, the Dartmoor pony-drift, that takes place in the late summer of every year.

The yearly drive has been conducted much in the same way for generations: the moor does not easily change its habits. These days "Jim" Endacott has moormen under him responsible for the four sections into which Dartmoor Forest is divided; these men drive the ponies to the Duchy pound for census and the collection of dues. Those not claimed are kept for three sunsets, but after that they are driven to stray-pound, and eventually sold against costs.

The sun was still shining when we moved in a body to the two o'clock dinner which we all had earned—Secretary (Major Hilgrove McCormick), assistant secretary (Patrick Kingsley), bailiff and reeve, doctor, parson, farmers, as it was and always will be while the dinner is held. As is proper, parson says grace and then 200 hungry people sit down to a proper meal.

On the left of the Royal landlord's personal representative sits the lady who rose at 4.30 a.m., to be sure of arriving in time. She is middle-aged, one of the few women tenants of farms, and of considerable local reputation; to-day she is dressed as any other woman farmer, but ordinarily rumour says that she wears a very sensible head-gear, a man's trilby. Those who know those winds that rip the lid off Dartmoor will sympathize with her in her choice.

The woman next to me took cider; my efforts to obtain beer were thwarted by the waiter, "Laadies taak coider . . ." and they did! We were, perhaps, on our best behaviour with the soup; with the roasts I was able to persuade the grandmother on my right that even journalists may be called "working women"—but the ice was more definitely broken when someone (just before the Christmas pudding) inadvertently crashed in on the trigger of a soda-water siphon and we were all friends together, at last, in the deluge.

But after the Christmas pudding come simultaneously port, cigars, and clay pipes

(Continued on p. 290)

A TENANT WHO SINGS THE PRAISES OF HER ROYAL LANDLORD: Mrs. Pascoe (right), who sat next to the author of the accompanying article during this year's Audit Dinner and told her something of the present happy conditions existing on the Prince's estate

YOUTHFUL SUPPORTERS OF THE NAZI CAUSE: Some of the 180 children of Klingenthal who recently made a musical propaganda march through Berlin

DICTATORS DEMAND BABIES

The Extraordinary Situation which has Arisen in Europe, where the Fiat has Gone Forth that the Birth-Rate must at All Costs be Increased

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Once upon a time it used to be a hardy annual of international newspaper work to arrive at Plougastel-Daoulas, near Brest, there to describe and picture the massed marriages that took place each June between young Breton couples from the surrounding country. Very picturesque and racy; folk-songs and dancing in costume; much quaffing; and blessings and kisses galore. The "massed" part of it probably didn't amount to more than thirty pairs of newly-weds. As for politics, not a scrap of them; or exhortations to fertility either. Just sly coarsenesses on the latter score. In the round: just solid Breton tradition.

Several years ago this merry mating ceased, the local youth and beauty having grown too sophisticated, and one did not hear of massed marriages again until quite recently and in rather different circumstances.

We do things differently, more massively and purposefully, in 1933. For the recent *sagra della nuzialita*, or marriage festival, of Rome and the neighbouring Latium district, 2,600 couples were mobilized, just about one hundred times the strength of Plougastel-Daoulas. And in the room of that lapsed bucolic romp appeared high ceremony orchestrated by nation-wide propaganda. *Get married and have children to the greater glory of Italy!* Such was the "plugging" of Signor Mussolini's festival. The Duce's useful second, Starace, presented £8 or £16 to each couple plus a photograph of the Leader. There was a free wedding breakfast succeeded by a confetti-strewn public procession. An audience at the Vatican crowned the day. Free baby outfits are promised for later; while if the proud parents obtained a nuptial advance from the régime, this will be progressively remitted as the number of offspring multiplies. In the event of any proud father having twelve children before he reaches the age of thirty, and if he be of the town, he will receive a freehold house.

News from Germany offers a variant of the same theme. Acting under Nazi encouragement, big firms or factories in Hamburg, Breslau, Dresden have lately married off hundreds of their women employees thanks to the offer of a bonus of nearly £50. The scheme is to be extended because it is hoped thereby to kill two stones—make room for unemployed men as the departing women set up homes, and steadily increase a faltering birth-rate. The State itself continues parallelly to concentrate upon the latter by means of big wedding parades, grants and tax remissions, and special housing and furniture facilities. Bachelors are, of course, taxed, while it is not much fun being a girl in the Third Realm unless one be prepared to train up to heroic possibilities in the mothering line. Some of the most advanced and decorative of post-War femininity are being "asked" to get back to church and kitchen and cradle—and they've only barely got away with the fourth famous "K," standing for clothes.

But the detailed stimulation to fertility being essayed by Nazis and Fascists affords a social tale on its own. With each child born shall a fresh family boon descend from the national demi-god's wisdom and bounty. Suffice here that each of these dynamic, frustrated, and striving countries has gone nap on a policy of intensive demographic expansion, and that "massed marriages" constitute the inescapable ballyhoo touch without which nothing, apparently, can to-day be put over.

Why all this propaganda pressure for births just now when things are at their leanest, when an increased population seems such a defiance of national conditions and prospects? If it is being done from ulterior motives, is it even justified militarily? Thirdly: will it succeed? And, perhaps, fourthly and finally: should others do anything about it?

Now, in Japan there's a ceaseless trickle of babies; the speed is too indecent to set down here. Since 1930, the U.S.S.R. has been merrily increasing at the rate of 3,000,000 a year. The Poles and the Czechs also remain well on the up grade. Such things require to be said in equity to Rome and Berlin. After which we may proceed to our four questions.

It seems to me that one has only to read recent articles in Mussolini's paper, the *Popolo d'Italia*, and to ponder the more remarkable chapters of the original *Mein Kampf* of Hitler's, to hit upon an answer to the *why*. Fascism is founded upon an imperialism of numbers just like the Kaiser's one-time pushing for a place in the sun. Figures exist by which, in 1950, Italy would hold 162 inhabitants to the square kilometre against France's 89. The Duce has decreed: Italians *must* propagate in order to justify the régime's policy of territorial expansion. An excess of population, far from being a social ill to contend with, is nothing else than *an end in itself*. Five years ago Mussolini started conducting the demographic offensive. The births-over-deaths campaign in each town was regularly given, as in so many war-time bulletins. A decrease was called a "desertion." Towns and cities were held up to national approval; others, to the reverse. Not unlike what I once found in action in Los Angeles where I arrived to find a "birth drive" in progress, with latest bulletins from the clinics. Only . . . that was to beat neighbouring San Francisco. (Los Angeles won handsomely:)

Mussolini insists that the trouble in Italy is under-consumption, and actually asks that more and more babies shall be produced in order that these may be additional consumers one day. And this is not a joke; rather the kind of thing you have to swallow from dictators. This great man insists that "Numbers bring plenty. It is obvious that death does not provoke riches. These emanate from life. This truth is so luminous, so daily proved, that only an ignorant Malthusian will deny it." No mention of machines, mind you, not a word. Just: *breed, you sheep, breed!* (For I want your lambs!)

Or else, the Leader may trot out figures liable to give the ethnological shivers. "What are Italy's paltry 42,000,000 beside those 200,000,000 Slavs that are augmenting between the Urals and the Adriatic to the rhythm of 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 a year! What are our numbers compared even with the 70,000,000 Germans extending from Baltic to Brenner! Even a comparison with France, with her 60,000,000 colonial empire, is heavily against us!"

In regard to *Mein Kampf*, I dare say most people have by now read how Hitler let a succession of felines out of the bag in pointing to Poland and Russia and South-Eastern Europe, not to mention Baltic lands, as the true fields of future German colonization. His babies would be reserved for that work and direction, whereas evidently Mussolini's would tend to be for the Mediterranean basin, Balkans, Africa. There are 9,000,000 Italians outside of Italy and Fascism refuses to let go of a solitary coat-tail. All will be wanted, or their children.

The military aspect possibly resolves itself into the questions: Would the big battalions win next time? Would they even be wanted? Nothing that I have read or heard or can think of suggests other than a double negative. Rather should national armies, like last time, be (a) extremely dangerous, (b) quite unnecessary in high-speed, specialistic machine-cum-air warfare. Conceivably, therefore, the bulk of this Nazi-Fascist brood is schemed more as expansionist-babies than as actual cannon-fodder.

Hitler wants 6,000,000 babies quite quickly in order to make up for the number of alleged Germanic citizens torn from him by the Treaty. (He also wants all the torn citizens back again, but no matter.) For some time the birth-rate has been decreasing, though not by much. People are more prolific on the land; hence one of the reasons for settling this at speed. There are, however, still 4,000,000 German unemployed, and it is too early yet even to guess what may happen—with such dumb obedience about—in response to the Nazi birth drive. Certain that this will prevail or fall by the degree of Hitler's economic success or failure. In Italy, it is other. In well-loved parlance, Fascism has got the breeze up. This past week Mussolini has fairly been letting fly in his paper at the sluggish non-breeders. Fecundity! Fecundity! How it is being hymned, and with religion fully in support. National grandeur, moral duty, social necessity, the very health and existence of the State, are all being trumpeted forth, and in no very complimentary manner. The fact being that births have gone down by 132,000 a year since the Fascists took over; 29 per 1,000 then, 28 per 1,000 now.

Hence his mass marriages. His good Italians have gone on strike against filling ever more cradles in lean and workless times. They simply *cannot* see how it would improve matters in the individual home. Anyway, they cannot afford it. Nature will speak. That is the present Italian position in the battle for births.

With respect to yet further others, one notes that General Weygand is at present in North Africa arranging for additional dark battalions to be garrisoned in France. Such seems to be France's constant answer to baby threats.

Yet the existence of these threats is surely clarifying? Never in history shall the world have been so pre-warned as we of these crucial days.

CHILDREN OF THE FASCIST REGIME: Rome in the time of the Cæsars honoured most of all the women who bore large families. The Duce would have it so to-day, but economic conditions have up to the present defied him. The rising generation is taught from the very beginning the aims and ideals of Fascism

A "SPHERE" SURVEY OF THE WORLD

H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF UGANDA, Sir Bernard Bourdillon, K.C.B., and the Mukama of Bunyoro, leaving the Council Hall at Hoima after signing an agreement recognizing the latter as a native ruler. The band of the King's African Rifles and a native band combined to make the ceremony both impressive and quaint

A FAMOUS HUNTING CUSTOM: The scene before the blessing of the hounds on St. Hubert's Day at Pierrefonds, Department of the Oise, France. Tradition has it that St. Hubert, the patron saint of huntsmen, was so fond of the chase that he neglected his religious duties. One day a stag bearing a crucifix menaced him with perdition unless he reformed. This he did, and those who were descended of his race were supposed to have the power of curing men from the bites of mad dogs

NEW YORK'S ANTI-TAMMANY MAYOR: Major Fiorello La Guardia who was elected last week to succeed Mr. John O'Brien. This is the first set-back the Tammany forces have had for many years, and keen observers of the situation predict that they will never regain their despotic control of the civic life of New York. The independent candidate, Mr. Joseph McKee, was second in the polling with some 250,000 fewer votes than Major La Guardia

THE DRAW FOR FRANCE'S GREAT NATIONAL LOTTERY took place last week in Paris, when M. Eugène Bonhoure, a Tarascon hairdresser, won the first prize of 5,000,000 francs (£62,500). This picture was taken during the draw on the stage of the Trocadero

THE FATEFUL NUMBER which gave M. Eugène Bonhoure, the Tarascon hairdresser, the first prize in the French lottery. He has offered all his regular customers free permanent waves

CATERING FOR THE WORLD'S LARGEST AUDIENCE

Alec McGill and Gwen Vaughan giving their act during the broadcasting of "Good Evening"

The scene in one of the studios at Broadcasting House as Christopher Stone gave listeners the customary greeting. Bobby Howes is standing on the right and waiting his turn to address the microphone

"GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY"

ELSA MACFARLANE singing "Rose of Picardy" in the broadcast revue "Good Evening"

BEHIND THE SCENES at the B.B.C.

Some Performers who are Heard and Not Seen

A MOMENT AT THE MICROPHONE

The scene in one of the B.B.C. studios during the recent broadcast of the revue "Good Evening." John Macdonell, who devised the programme, is encouraging Harry Jacobson, who is singing a solo

THE UNSEEN CHORUS

Mr. S. Kneale Kelley (left) conducting the chorus of "Good Evening"

HARMONIOUS INTERLUDE

STARLINGS GATHERING IN LONDON BEFORE DEPARTURE FOR GERMANY: The starling presents a somewhat complicated migratory problem to the bird student. Great flocks of these nimble little birds arrive from Scandinavia to winter here, while many of our own starlings move off to Germany and France

FROM THE ARCTIC REGIONS TO CANADA: These wild geese are passing warmer climes of the Dominion

Almost the greatest natural phenomenon left unexplained is the migration of birds and beasts. Wireless, radio activity, Abram's box, the later theory of aeronautics, the internal combustion engine—all those mysteries of the modern cosmos are insignificant compared with the fact that we do not yet know why a thousand lemmings choose suddenly to plunge over a cliff face in Norway; why the eel leaves a Midland brick-pit to swim the Atlantic and hatch its young 3,000 miles away in the West Indian warmth of the Sargasso sea; or why the dunlin, no larger than a sparrow, girdles the earth in the space of a year.

Now, in these autumn months, when the North whitens and the South beckons, is the time to see the greatest aerial movement of the year. All over Britain, all over Europe, throughout the world, the birds are moving. They move mysteriously, bitten by an age-old instinct, traversing the airways that are marked invisibly by 1,000,000 years of usage. They follow paths unknown to them by experience but graven on their brains by instinct.

It is a question which bird flies the farthest on migration. Abel Chapman, one of the greatest field naturalists that ever lived, whose books on wild life in Spain and the borders are classics of unpretentious English literature, always maintained that the dunlin girdled the earth. He said that they flew 30,000 miles, that they left New Zealand beaches in order to feed on English mud flats. But there are naturalists who say that the dunlin flies not round the globe but half way, that some wing from east to west and others from west to east.

To come down to more definite and inescapable facts, a few, a very few American birds have crossed the Atlantic to this country. For example, four specimens of the American blue-winged teal have been recorded in this country—one in Upper Nithsdale, recorded by Saunders in 1858, another on the Cheshire Dee in 1860, a third at Ballycotton in Co. Cork in 1910, and a fourth in Anglesey in the spring of 1919. It is worth noting that with the exception of the last bird they were all females. Another North American bird, the buffel-headed duck, has been recorded from Yarmouth about 1830, Bridlington in 1864, and Tresco in the Scillies on January 17, 1920.

Five specimens of the American wigeon have turned up in this country, while other records of the species have generally been proved to be escapes from captivity. Now it must be borne in mind that in each of these instances the bird must have flown at least 3,000 miles, pausing occasionally to rest on the water, which a land bird could never do. It is one of the minor advantages of being a duck.

But even so, 3,000 miles across the Atlantic are enough to daunt the staunchest heart that ever beat beneath the feathers of a duck. More inexplicable still is the reason why they should have chosen to migrate to this country, for in every case these birds migrate from north to south, not from east to west. In the case of the American wigeon, for example, the movement is from Alaska and Hudson's Bay south as far as Costa Rica and the West Indies.

Stragglers have turned up in Hawaii, the Azores, Japan, and even Behring Island.

Broadly speaking, migrational birds in Europe follow

A REDSHANK wondering whether it is time to depart

THE CRANES ARRIVE AT THE WHITE NILE: Migrating from northernmost Sweden, these huge birds fly right across Europe and down through Egypt and the Sudan to the waters of the White Nile. This picture was taken by Mr. Bengt Berg, the Swedish ornithologist, whose book, *With the Migratory Birds to Africa* (Jonathan Cape), contains one of the most fascinating accounts of bird life published during recent years

two broad streams of aerial traffic. Those bred in Scandinavia, Holland, Greenland, the Baltic States, and Iceland appear to follow a well-defined route across the North Sea which, in the case of the Baltic and Scandinavian birds, leads them to hit the north-east English coast just where the bluff shoulder of Norfolk juts into the North Sea, the easternmost seaboard of England. That is why Norfolk has a longer list of rare birds to its credit than any other county in England. And it is why, also, the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Trust have reserved Scolt Head Island and Blakeney Point as bird sanctuaries for all time. You may see almost anything there, from a peregrine on passage from Norwegian pine forests to the Landes of France or the Marismas of the Guadalquiver in Spain, to a blue-throat fresh from Lapland.

From Norfolk the birds may take one or two routes. Woodcock and duck spread themselves out over

southward to spend a vacation in the

NATURE'S LONG DISTANCE FLYERS

Some Mysteries of Bird Migration

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

Dr. Paul Kammerer, who claimed that by transplanting successive generations of water frogs to land one could bring about a change in their natural protective coloration and—what is most highly significant—stabilize it in successive generations. Kammerer produced from this the far-fetched theory that human genius might be made hereditary. He lectured to the Cambridge University Natural History Society in 1924. He gave me the notes of his speech. He died of starvation in Vienna a year or two later, having sold his last pair of boots to buy food.

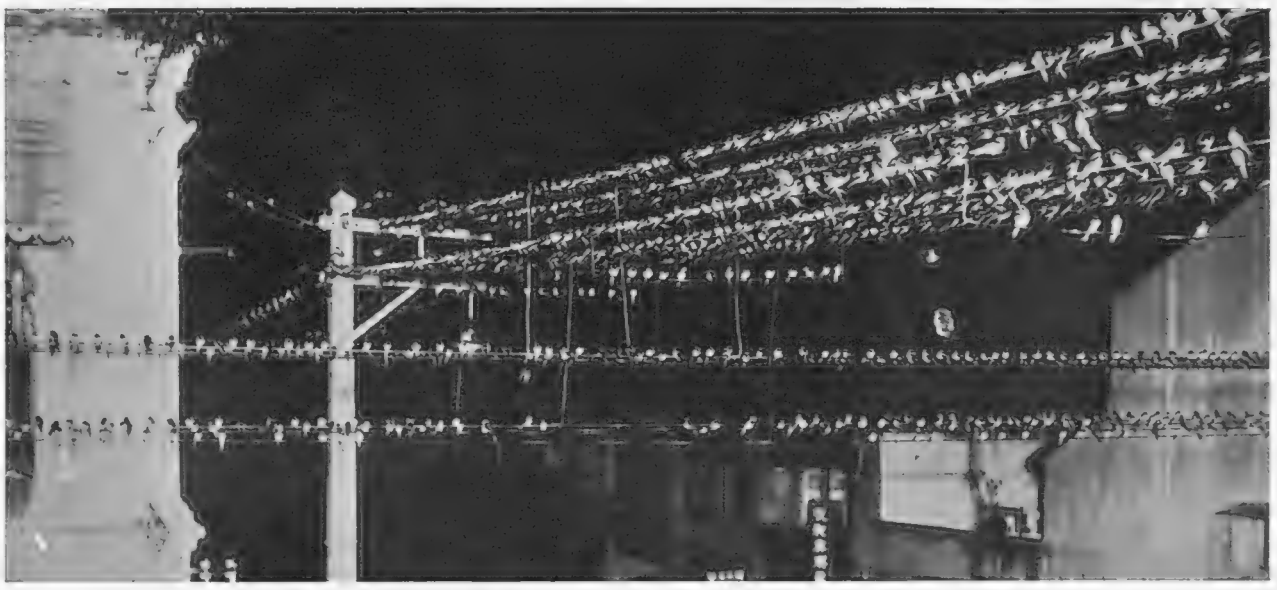
highly developed olfactory organs. Otherwise why is it that a dead buffalo in tropic countries will produce vultures, buzzards, and falcons in myriads from blue and cloudless skies that a minute before were void of all sign of a feather?

It will be a nice point for the bird historians of the future if we find that the sewage farms of England have helped to re-map the ornithological airways of these islands.

Finally, in considering, sketchily as one must for so little is known that is definite, these questions of migration, one must give a last and saddened glance at those mighty hordes of migrants who in this country and on other continents have been wiped out of all sight and knowledge of man within the last century.

The passenger pigeons of America whose flights actually darkened the sky are now extinct. Yet in the years after Washington they travelled from north to south of the United States, not in thousands but in millions. The greed of man and loose, ill-administered game laws killed them.

Shall we in our time see in Europe, when the Balaton marshes are drained—as they are being drained to-day; when the Macedonian morasses have become cornfields; when the Spanish marismas pasture cattle—where now the last wild camels in Europe lope grotesquely—shall we see a final breaking of these old, old airways of the birds? They are older than history, as old as the known temperate world. Yet we are on the verge of these things.



SWALLOWS AS LONG DISTANCE FLYERS: These small but beautifully stream-lined birds, weighing about 2 oz. each, fly incredibly long distances in search of warmer regions. This flashlight picture was taken in the Straits Settlements when thousands of swallows were resting on the telegraph wires

the country. Certain waders travel due south-west heading for the marshes of South Wales, the Bristol Channel, and South-west Ireland. Others rest a night or two and then work south down the coast, striking the French coast and so, through the Spanish marshes to North Africa, where they find the swallows who a month previously had left England.

And from Tripolitan lagoons some of the waders and ducks undoubtedly work south to the Cape, even as do the swallows. And there, or on the way, in Northern Rhodesia, they may meet other wild fowl, other waders who have followed the Eastern European route from Siberia and Northern Russia down through the plains and marshes of Hungary and south again via Danubian gorges, to the great Macedonian marshes.

In Macedonia they rest, a gabbling, clattering, whistling, clanging congregation of all sorts and conditions of fowl, from storks and ospreys to buzzards and pintail, curlew and wigeon, before taking the air for the flight over the Mediterranean to the shallow, shining waters of Lake Menzaleh in the delta of the Nile. There, within sight and sound of Alexandria, they rest again, harassed by Egyptian fowlers, until once more the myriads rise and, in squadrons and companies, trace the Nile through the arid wastes that knew the wars of the Mad Mullah.

The White and the Blue Nile divide. Both run into the heart of savage and almost unknown country. Most of the migrant wildfowl, so far as we know, follow the White Nile, over unending miles of floating sudd, over the great elephant herd at Bor where a strange outlandish race of pachyderm live a morose and peculiar amphibian life, year in, year out—then on through the swamps where Lechwes antelope were discovered within recent memory, south to the waters of Lake Victoria Nyanza, the reputed home of a lake serpent eclipsing in reptilian horror the publicized monster of Loch Ness. From thence a few turn up in the Sabi Game Reserve, on the lakes of the Kruger National Park, and so down to the Cape. That, if you like, is a voyage indeed. And it was undertaken a million years ago before Imperial Airways was thought of.

But, to my mind, one of the most interesting points about migration is the instinct or inherited memory which leads birds to visit the sites of drained marshes and meres that for a century past have been ploughed land. For example, duck and waders turn up each year on the black peat lands of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire where once spread the morasses of the old fens. Year after year they come, birds newly hatched from some Baltic marsh, straight on the wing from the bitter levels of Mecklenburg, from the reedy shores of Masurian lakes that remember still the ghostly thunders of Tannenberg. How can we account for such an instinct?

There was once an erudite Viennese professor,

Now Kammerer's theory was that just as "induced" characteristics can be made hereditary, so also, in inverse ratio, may the roots of a dim and distant migrational urge send birds to visit places that have long since lost all the attractions of food and shelter which once made them a place worth visiting.

But even migrational instincts change with the changing of the places that offer food and shelter. For example, it is a proved fact that on the north-east and south-west migrational route across England two of the surest places to find wildfowl on passage are the sewage farms at Oxford and Cambridge.

What causes them to drop there? On their passage these birds pass over large private lakes and seductive stretches of water meadows. But they do not stop to rest and feed on those aristocratic pleasaunces nearly so often as at the sanitation equipments of the universities.

Does the sense of smell bring them down from the clouds? Do the uprising odours seduce the delicate nostrils of small and hungry birds travelling through the night, from 5,000 to 10,000 ft. up? These are questions which no one has yet answered. But they are well worth considering. We know little enough about the sense of smell in birds. I personally am convinced that both ducks and geese can smell, and that pheasants, partridges, and grouse cannot. Birds of prey also must have

FROM SCANDINAVIA TO THE SUDAN: These powerful cranes, breeding time over, fly south to Africa where they spend a holiday season on the White Nile. They behave like a mass of chattering tourists

PANTOMIME TIME

The Theatre Prepares to Serve its Annual and Ever-Popular Christmas Fare

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE REHEARSAL: Members of the cast preparing for a London pantomime

All over the country this week-end the first rehearsals of the pantomime season of 1933 will be starting in draughty theatres and audition rooms. Actually it will be only the children and chorus girls who are beginning work. The principals do not start until three weeks before the opening night. They have their rehearsals in London for a fortnight, and it is only the last week that they rehearse with the rest of the company in the theatre itself. The reason for the lateness of the rehearsals is that pantomime must at all costs be topical, and it is not until the last fortnight or three weeks that the topical themes can be introduced.

For eighty years people have been saying that pantomime is dying on its feet. For eighty years people have been wrong. This year there will be anything from one hundred to two hundred pantomimes all over the country. The reason for not only its survival, but its increased popularity, is that pantomime is the one thing that the cinema cannot do. The essence of a pantomime is its topicality. As a case in point, Gordon Richards may be a gag at Christmas, but he will certainly not form a theme song, for by Christmas flat racing will have been over for a month and everyone will have forgotten about it.

Pantomime is the oldest form of entertainment extant. When I was in Delphi, last year, I was shown the place where the Passion Play was enacted at the Pythian Festival every four years. It was so old that even the Greeks of classical times had forgotten what it was all about. All that is known is that it was pantomime, which is a Greek word anyway, and that the actors used to emit peculiar whistling sounds in imitation of the dragon dying after the death blow delivered by Apollo—a kind of Jack and the Beanstalk.

To be more precise, modern pantomime is based with remarkable fidelity on the Roman Saturnalia. The two principal features of pantomime—that the principal boy must be a woman, and that the principal comedian must be a man dressed up as a woman—are taken straight from the Saturnalia. It is interesting that on the various occasions when efforts have been made to alter this, the pantomime has been a flop. Some of you may remember that Wilfred Doughit played the principal boy at Drury Lane before the War. It was not a success. Other juvenile actors have tried it also with the same result. Tradition has been too strong for them. It is the same with women playing the comedian even though the comedian is dressed up as a woman. With the exception of Nellie Wallace, famous for her Widow Twankey, no woman has ever been a success as a low comedienne in pantomime.

MAGIC AND MIRTH: The good fairy and the clown provide traditional pantomime entertainment

The principal pantomime shows in order of popularity are *Cinderella* (easily first), *Dick Whittington*, *Jack and the Bean Stalk*, *Aladdin*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Mother Goose*, *Sinbad the Sailor*, *Babes in the Wood*, *Puss in Boots*, *Red Riding Hood*, *Bluebeard*, *The Forty Thieves*, and *Robinson Crusoe*. Possibly *The Forty Thieves* might be put two rungs further up the ladder. *Red Riding Hood*, too, may be a greater success than usual in view of the theme song, "The Big Bad Wolf," from Walt Disney's Silly Symphony.

It is curious that *Robinson Crusoe* is so unpopular although it has a grand part for the principal boy. The reason for this is that the children, who are after all the ultimate judges, object very strongly to the producers taking liberties with the plots of their fairy tales even on the stage. There are no women in *Robinson Crusoe*, and they resent very much seeing extra characters. The moral of it is that the big producers like Julian Wylie stick as near as possible to the story and avoid *Robinson Crusoe*. Some years ago, when *Jack and the Bean Stalk* was done, the cow, which you will remember is sold by Jack to enable him to buy the beans, did not appear again. There came an avalanche of children's letters saying that Jack had promised to buy the cow, and why didn't he do so in the pantomime? Since nowadays the cow returns in the last scene and shares Jack's prosperity, all the children are happy.

Meantime it has become one of the greatest honours for an actress to be chosen as a principal boy. It is just as necessary for her reputation as it is for her to have played in Shakespeare. It is the oldest and most lasting link in the chain of honourable parts. In the past few years Julian Wylie, the king of pantomime, has gone to the legitimate stage instead of to the music-hall stage for his principal boys. This is because taste even among children has altered. Avoirdupois used to be the most important of the principal boy's qualifications. To-day it is a matter of talent. Fay Compton, for example, who came straight from *Ophelia* into pantomime last year, is undoubtedly the best Dick Whittington for many years. This year Phyllis Neilson Terry, who is so closely associated with Shakespearean parts, is going to appear in pantomime.

It is curious that the book, in other words the plot and the dialogue of the various pantomimes, remains the same year after year. There are the same old rhyming couplets, the authorship of which is now forgotten. The only difference lies in the songs and the gags. In the case of Julian Wylie's productions, the gags are all written by Dan Leno, junior, son of the great Dan Leno. He knows pantomime humour backwards, and pantomime humour is a very tricky affair. At Christmastime it becomes entirely local. You must have a Lancashire comedian for Manchester and a Scottish comedian for Glasgow. The reverse, which is all right for the rest of the year on the music-hall stage, is at once a failure.

A PRINCIPAL BOY OF THE 'NINETIES: Millie Legarde as Captain Spanker in *Dick Whittington*

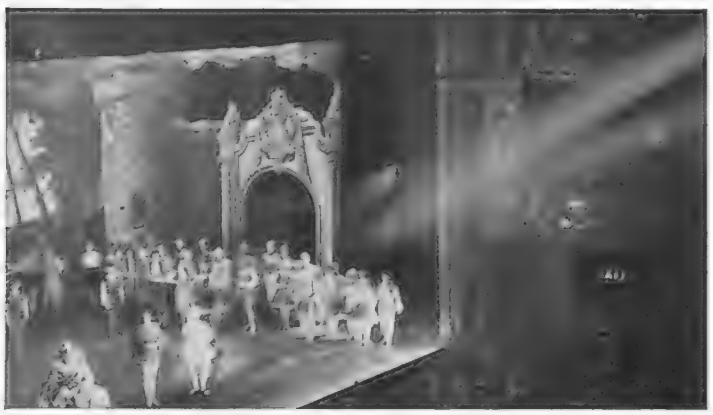
The chorus and the children are recruited, as well as rehearsed, locally. A dance arranger is sent up to superintend them, and there they stay practising away until shortly before the first performance when the principals arrive from London. This needs a lot of last minute organization.

Another important part in pantomime is the intricate lighting effects. These all have to be put on huge charts with every cue, light, shoe, frock, and other kind of property marked out. For there are about 120 people in every large pantomime, and a mix-up would be fatal. Indirectly or directly, Julian Wylie's four productions this year at Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Newcastle will employ about 6,000 people.

Probably the most amusing part of the production behind the scenes is the choosing of the pantomime songs. The producer sits in his office and listens to the songs. There is a man to play the piano, a man to sing the song, and a third—the most important of all—whose sole job is to tell the producer how good each song is. "Will you listen to that now?" "Isn't that grand?" "That'll fetch them." "Can't you hear him singing that?" he yells, cajoles, and bleats. In his excitement his horn-rimmed spectacles, if he wears them, will probably get dislodged, his hair will stand on end with enthusiasm, and then, as likely as not, comes a curt "No."

This year, I gather, is going to be a sentimental year. Songs like "I Cover the Water Front" will be very popular. There will also be a number of waltzes. But as topicality is the essence of pantomime, it will be another week or ten days before the hit numbers are chosen, and even then there

(Continued on p. 290)



THE PRINCIPAL BOY HOLDS FORTH: A scene from *The Sleeping Beauty* which packed the Lyceum last Christmas

AUTUMN'S PROLONGED STAY: A delightful picture taken last week in a Sussex by-way, now resplendent in all the glory of the seasonal tints. The leaves are beginning to fall much later than in most years

FROM the NOVEMBER COUNTRYSIDE

On left—THE CHAMPION HERDWICK RAM OF 1933: "Blake Fell"—a distinguished member of a breed noted for the quality of its wool. This ram was purchased recently by General Spedding of Keswick

KELP BURNING

Where seaweed is still dried and burned on the shore in order to extract iodine and other chemicals from the ash

IN THE ORKNEYS

DR. MERTON HODGE, author of *The Wind and the Rain*, the successful comedy of student life at the St. Martin's

DIANA NAPIER: A talented young actress who has been selected to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks, senior, in his new film, *Don Juan*

NEWCOMERS WITH A FUTURE: Gillian Maude *(left)*, an attractive member of a famous theatrical family, who is now playing in *Maternité* at Daly's. Ann Vosper *(right)*, a cousin of Frank Vosper, who showed her ability during the run of *Children in Uniform*

EUGÈNE BRIEUX'S ONCE BANNED PROPAGANDA PLAY: A scene from *Maternité* which has been running for some weeks at Daly's. Julien Brignac (left), played by Malcolm Keen, is congratulating Fechain on the approaching birth of a thirteenth child, while Brignac's wife (Cathleen Nesbitt) looks on with disapproval

PLAYS OF TO-DAY

"Sunshine Sisters"—Mr. Novello's Latest Play Comes to the Queen's: A Mystifying Crook Drama at the Whitehall: Margaret Bannerman Returns to Revue

By PHILIP PAGE

Unlike the Brontë sisters, Mr. Ivor Novello's *Sunshine Sisters* had, as someone in the play at the Queen's elegantly remarked when looking at the portrait of a deceased duke, been over a lot of grass in their time. Of course, they were quite nice girls really. If they had not been, they would not have been written about by Mr. Novello, who recently explained that the only time he did write a play about thoroughly unpleasant people it was a failure. One has to leave that sort of thing to Mr. Maugham.

The sisters in question are supposed to be three blonde minor actresses—very blonde and very minor. So unsuccessful are they at their stage work that they cannot pay a small bill, with the result that what the member of the trio, whose conversation consisted exclusively of *clichés*, would have called "the scion of a noble house," came to the rescue. He sent them to stay with his mother, a duchess. This duchess collected, as a hobby, not first editions, butterflies, or postage stamps, but fallen women, which her son, with the courtly grace of a fine old English gentleman, had described these actresses to be.

This was his idea of a joke. And, unless this play is intended to be a subtle attack on the supposed degeneracy of our aristocracy, which I do not believe it to be, it is also Mr. Novello's idea of a joke.

But the humour of the play is entirely verbal. Much of it is quite funny in an easy, chatty sort of way. The author knows how to exploit all the behind-the-scenes channels; those who know them as well as he does are amused, and those who know them less well are, if they are less amused, delighted to be introduced to regions which are still considered to have about them an attractive air of mystery.

He also knows the behind-the-scenes regions of the feminine mind, and can write a polite slanging match between a couple of cats better than anyone.

So we can dismiss the unsoundness, or unreasonableness, of *Sunshine Sisters* as a play. It does not seem to matter much that of the three minor actresses two get engaged—one to a duke and another to his brother—in a few hours. No one need worry over the fact that the duchess herself, clever performance though Miss Irene Browne gave, was of the stage stagey (which knocked the bottom clean out of the play, if ever it had one), and would manifestly have been able to distinguish a fallen from a non-fallen woman before one could say Jermyn Street. For these sunny sisters, in their various styles, were at great pains to "establish" their virtue.

Miss Phyllis Monkman made a speech about hers. Miss Joan Clarkson shyly suggested it. Miss Dorothy Dickson performed a comedy version of the "unhand me, villain" episode, and dismissed the noble lord who offered her non-marriage with a grace, coupled with the absinthe dash of sentimental indignation, which can belong only to a first-rate actress, which Miss Dickson happens to be. But all three performances were admirable.

The men are very much in the background here, but Mr. Jack Hawkins cleverly rescued a bounder from bounderdom.

Sunshine Sisters, for all its fun, has a certain drabness about it. *Sunshine House*, the lunacy play at the Little, for all its drabness has a certain fun about it. Perhaps Messrs. Voller and Novello might have a short consultation and run the two into one as *The Sisters of Sunshine House*.

"Afterwards."—Mr. Walter Hackett can be relied upon to hit on one supremely good notion in each of his plays, as well as several fairly good ones. If he builds the play round that good notion, as they used to build Drury Lane melodramas round a spectacular situation which had not been tried before, they are none the worse for it.

The Gay Adventure, it may be remembered, concerned the lives of the twentieth-century descendents of Athos, Porthos, and D'Artagnan. Excellent. His latest play, *Afterwards*, shows us a woman who, pretending to be a medium in order to carry out an amiable fraud, for which she has to be paid, goes off into a real trance and finds, to her own surprise and that of her accomplices, that she possesses genuine mediumistic powers.

I think this occurred somewhat too late in the play for full use to be made of it. But, still—excellent. Mr. Hackett knows his business so well in the type of "crook" play he writes that I would not venture to teach it to him. Yet he *mystifies* us, not only with the motives of his characters but with the actual development of his story. That is all to the good. Any author of "crook" plays would surely delight to mingle with the crowd in the foyer "afterwards" and hear them saying, "But if so-and-so did this-or-that, why on earth should such-and-such a thing have happened?" I heard them at this even if Mr. Hackett did not, and joined in myself.

Mr. Hackett must have been present in spirit—he is not easily missed in the flesh—for he sent me further elucidation by letter, of which more anon. The gratification for him as an author must be that people do not squabble about the plots of plays in which they are not interested.

The first act of *Afterwards* is plotless except in the last three minutes; but it is good entertainment throughout and consistently amusing. Mr. Hackett, like Mr. Novello, takes us behind the scenes, but to a suburban music-hall which has not been overwhelmed by the "talkies."

Most of the talking is done by an irascible stage-manager who shouts at and bullies the cheaper turns, but acts as an accomplice of his top-of-the-bill—"The Great La Salle." La Salle is a great gentleman who might have been one of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's dukes, particularly as he is played with ducal elegance and much dry humour by Mr. Ronald Squire. Miss Marion Lorne, fluffy and funny and faithful, hands him the bowls of gold fish. Mr. Gordon Harker is to him as the immortal "Ken" was to Mr. Harry Tate, the stolid assistant doomed to undertake at short notice any incongruous impersonation.

We gather that the little troupe is not too prosperous. When, at the end of the show, a gentleman from the audience in a dinner jacket offers La Salle £500 to stage a mock séance in order to save from approaching lunacy a young widow who, since the death of her husband in an aeroplane accident, has been in the hands of a charlatan doctor (who hoodwinks her with pretended spiritualism), the offer is accepted, and the troupe set out for a country house by aeroplane.

They mark their arrival by a fake crash, they drink a lot of brandy, they overcome by a deft trick a preliminary test. Miss Lorne thereupon

reveals, in a genuine seance, that the widow's husband has been murdered and that she is herself in grave danger. The man who had invited her there is shown to be as big a crook as the doctor and is marched off to the police station with him, the police having been called like spirits from the vasty deep — probably by Miss Lorne. Really I do not know and do not care. But one is not allowed to be bored.

To a why or two on my part Mr. Hackett has replied that the gentleman in the audience who invited La Salle was *not* an accomplice of the villainous doctor, that both scoundrels "are working independently with the same object in view—to swindle the unfortunate widow out of her money. The former is prepared to pay a heavy fee to La Salle in order to unmask the doctor."

If there is any surprise at Mr. Squire, who was in first-rate form, giving a ducal aspect to a second-rate music-hall performer, I have the author's word for it that "La Salle has been reduced to becoming a minor music-hall turn because he was at one time a little too fond of the bottle."

If Mr. Hackett's plots are a little straggling at times, they have the merit, like those of Edgar Wallace, of not allowing one to rest until the mystery is cleared. What is more important, *Afterwards* goes with a much better swing than any description of it. Miss Lorne's methods as a comedienne—and they are delightful—have good scope here. Mr. Gordon Harker is always amusing. Miss Jeanne Stuart is not merely content to be lusciously lovely; she has brains and uses them with admirable effect.

"How D'you Do?"—The Charlot revue at the Comedy, *How D'you Do?* was always a good one. But it is vastly improved by the simultaneous arrival of a third edition and of Miss Margaret Bannerman as leading lady. Miss Bannerman can do rather more important things than this supremely well; she does not, however, make the mistake of underrating the position of revue and its many difficulties. She plays in the sketches with the touch that must always distinguish revue from comedy, and she sings her songs, among them some melodious ones by Mr. Michael North, with point and with a pretty voice.

Mr. Douglas Byng's female impersonations now, inevitably perhaps, include one of King Henry VIII's wives—Anne of Cleves—an impersonation probably much nearer to the original than that which we see in the popular film. He is very, very funny, too, with an earlier British queen—Boadicea. Mr. Edward Chapman is throughout a tower of strength. I seem to have heard that phrase before, but Mr. Chapman is so essentially tower-like and strong.

"King Henry VIII."—I wish I could have seen that fine actor, Mr. Charles Laughton, as Henry VIII in the Shakespearean play (if Fletcher wrote that glorious speech of Cranmer over the infant Elizabeth I'll rush out and eat a First Folio) before he had appeared as Henry VIII on the film. He would not be human if he had remained uninfluenced by his share in that profitable buffooning.

Not that Mr. Laughton does not have his moments of kingly dignity in the Sadler's Wells revival. In the trial scene no one could have been better.

In the prayer scene very few people, I venture to think, could have been worse—unless, of course, this was intended to be a comic scene, which I most emphatically, arrogantly, and pedantically declare it was not.

In short, Mr. Laughton is not at his best as Henry, though he cannot fail to be interesting always. The part, in any serious presentation that is, suits him no more than Mr. Pickwick suited him. He is not the virile, tight-lipped monarch of the Holbein portrait—and I use tight-lipped in the widest sense, and with no reference to the fact that Mr. Laughton's own lips are not tight, which is a physical point for which he is not responsible.

Miss Flora Robson's Queen Katharine and Mr. Nicholas Hannen's Buckingham are very fine indeed. Miss Ursula Jeans's Anne Boleyn is cleverly removed from milk and water—an alluring spit-fire this. Mr. Robert Farquharson as Wolsey is Trollope rather than Tudor—a scheming archdeacon at the bishop's garden party.

DRAWING LONDON TO THE PALACE: Fred Astaire and his new partner, Claire Luce, whose admirable dancing and competent acting are largely responsible for the success of *Gay Divorce*

"GAY DIVORCE": Tonetti (Erik Rhodes) 'phones his wife to assure her that, in spite of his being a professional co-respondent, it is she he loves best

A WELCOME REVIVAL: Katharine Howard (Joan Maude) realizes, too late, her foolishness in marrying King Henry when she was really in love with Culpeper (William Fox) a scene from *The Rose Without a Thorn* which received an ovation at the Duke of York's Theatre last week. Miss Maude gives a most intelligent interpretation of the Queen's character

FASHION AND THE THEATRE: Among other things, *Gay Divorce* is noteworthy for its ravishing display of frocks. This evening gown of deep mulberry satin is worn by Claire Luce in the second act

FRANK VOSPER AS HENRY VIII in *The Rose Without a Thorn*. He shows the King as the great lover who has constantly been thwarted in his search for marital happiness, but who regains his youth, only to be disillusioned later, when he marries Katharine Howard. Henry's mingled rage and misery when he discovers his wife's disloyalty are portrayed with earnestness and rare understanding

BOOKS

"TIME REMEMBERED" is the title of Lady Horner's autobiography, just published by Heinemann. This picture of the writer (then Frances Graham) and her sister (left) was taken in Scotland in the early 'seventies

"Time Remembered"—An Autobiography that Radiates Charm and Intelligence : Dame Madge Kendal tells Her Own Story : Mr. John North has a Good Idea

By CECIL ROBERTS

Sometimes, when I receive one of those inquisitorial forms with a peremptory request to state the details of one's life, I feel tempted to add, in the section headed "Hobbies or Interests," "Collecting Octogenarians." When recently up a ladder, attending to a loose chimney-pot, I heard a voice beyond the garden-hedge say, to someone in the road, "I'm taking them to my mother—it's her birthday." Instantly I called out to the unseen speaker, "How old is she?" and the answer came back "Ninety-two, sir!" Although this was a little outside my collector's limit, I instantly made an offer to take the old lady for a ride.

Lady Horner is not ninety-two nor eighty-two, but I would very proudly "collect" her among my old friends. She has written a book that radiates charm and intelligence from cover to cover. **Time Remembered (Heinemann. 15s.)** covers the years from 1860 to to-day. It touches also the history of some of the most distinguished men and remarkable families of the last fifty years. The daughters of William Graham were exceptionally gifted, mentally and physically. They were also born in circumstances of comparative affluence, so that the best of England, an England selfishly luxurious in some ways, earnest and self-disciplined in others, was at their disposal. Her father, William Graham, a wealthy India merchant, was a great collector of pictures. He formed close friendships with Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Ruskin, and other stars of the P.R.B. He was appointed a Trustee of the National Gallery, and was a Member of Parliament for Glasgow. His strict religious sense often collided with his love of art, and a regard for Moody and Sankey caused him to send a picture, "The Bathers," by F. Walker, back to the artist with a request to supply a towel.

The Horners for generations had been squires of Mells in Somerset, and it was to the great house of this village that young John Horner carried his bride, Frances Graham. The tradition of hospitality was continued. Friendships made with the Lyttletons, the Gladstones, the Balfours, Tennants, Asquith, Burne-Jones, Morley, and Haldane were developed. A large part of this book is occupied with the letters of Burne-Jones and stories of his personality. The Graham girls made remarkable marriages. One became Lady Muir Mackenzie, another Lady Jekyll, another Mrs. Quintin Hogg. In one way or another Lady Horner, therefore, was in touch with some of the most attractive figures of the late Victorian and Edwardian eras.

But it is easy to see that her own personality welded her opportunities as hostess of a lovely country seat and town house, and brought to her the riches of friendship with some of the most gifted figures of contemporary history. She played duets with Mary Gladstone, and remembers the parties given by Arthur Balfour in Carlton Gardens "where there were two pianos; he himself played the concertina at the time." At home, in Mells village, she found a style of living almost patriarchal, a strange mixture of Liberalism and autocracy. She was pained to discover that a squire so considerate and beloved allowed his tenants to live in hovels, and more pained to discover that her own compassionate efforts were little appreciated by those to whom they were directed. But there was another side to the picture. "I realise now that all the cottagers on the property, which was a large one, just lived on us. Their rents were a shilling or eighteen pence a week and they had large gardens; and as the cottages were very old there were constant repairs to be done. Beef was given away at Christmas at a cost of nearly a hundred pounds. We had to roof the Park House and lay on water. It was one long struggle against debt, which mounted slowly up. But we were very happy and hopeful of what might come—and never did."

Four children were born to Lady Horner, two boys and two girls. Fate's hand was heavy in later years; one boy died of scarlet fever, after leaving Eton, the other perished in the flower of manhood on the battlefield. Lady Horner tells some delightful stories of these small brothers. "Are your horses boys or girls?" asked young Mark of an omnibus driver. "Boys, sir," was the simple reply. "Then," adds Lady Horner, "came further intimate conversation." After a loving portrait of Burne-Jones, comes Haldane, "the victim of some of the most poignant suffering caused by the War—of injustice, ingratitude, and base misrepresentation," says Lady Horner, indignantly. Serenity, she tells us, was the keynote of his character. Was that serenity preserved, one wonders, on the occasion when he dived, throwing his whole bulk with immense courage into the Horner swimming pool? The impact was so great that it split his costume from end to end.

Lady Horner has a masterly touch in drawing a vignette. There is a portrait of Mrs. Gladstone, who liked going to the East End with her, in the early days of slumming. "She always did a little propaganda of her own, and gave away photographs of Mr. Gladstone. The people loved her for she was very sympathetic." Sir Edward Burne-Jones emerges a delightful, witty friend—"he is a clear, noble, exquisite memory," wrote Henry James to Lady Horner. The letters from his pen bear out this opinion. There is a Henry Asquith who emerges in these pages, and it is not the cold H.H.A. or the wait-and-see effigy which has grown up these later days. Asquith spent many week-ends at Mells. Alluding to the fact that his dream of being in the Cabinet before the age of forty seemed likely to be surprisingly filled, he observed—"Still, still, I have not, and I know I am never likely to have, what I really want." Later, in a great sorrow, he unburdened himself. "It is a year to-day since my wife died, and I am going to talk to you about her and myself. You never knew or saw her. She was an angel from Heaven."

DAME MADGE KENDAL, whose autobiography has just been published by John Murray. This picture is reproduced from the painting by the late Sir William Orpen, R.A.

It is pleasant to think that in the selection of the title of her book, from Swinburne, "And time remembered is grief forgotten, and frosts are slain and flowers begotten," Lady Horner has shown the healing that follows the wounds of life. The loss of her two sons brought her years of shadow. Now, in the evening of her life, withdrawn into the Manor House of the village so closely identified with her happiness, she looks back. "I, a great-grandmother, am waiting on the shore." This retrospect, mellow with years, will give pleasure to all her friends. It will also show to a new and negligent age the character of the women who stood by some vanished figures of greatness, and in whose great-grandchildren we may hopefully expect the continuance of culture, kindness, and courage which seem to have accompanied Lady Horner on every step of her long and gracious pilgrimage.

The G.O.W. are with us this week. I feel chastened at having written an autobiography at thirty-five. It would seem that one begins diffidently at twice that age. Here is Dame Madge Kendal, at eighty-three, taking to authorship with a pen as vigorous as her declamation! **Dame Madge Kendal, by Herself (John Murray. 10s. 6d.)**, she calls it. Her book is not only the history of herself, it happens to be a history of the English stage. She is the call boy of a century of celebrities before the curtain. How vigorously she starts off, whether in life, literature, or the first scene of a play. "That I was born may be accepted as a fact. I have been told that I was present on the occasion, but I have no recollection of it. So it is not evidence. I accepted it on the assurance of my father and mother, and there is a certificate to that effect. That I know, for it was copied on the register of my one marriage, for I have had only one husband." That is not only a declaration, it is also a judgment, one suspects, on the easy habit of to-day. Unique in one husband, the one husband was unique. Their marriage was the beginning of a long and perfect partnership. This book is so packed with stories that no selection can indicate the vivacity of Dame Kendal's memory. She seems to have forgotten nothing she ever heard. George Eliot and Henry Lewes came to see her act in *Diplomacy*.

Later, she played an unrehearsed part in an incident connected with the authoress. Some friends were discussing George Eliot, and Dame Kendal said, outspokenly, that she had only married for one reason. A stranger asked her the reason. She replied, "To have the word 'Wife' on her tombstone." The man flushed. "You have remarkable intuition. You are quite right in what you said," he replied. He was the husband she had left for Lewes. George Eliot told Dame Kendal that *Adam Bede* was the one book she wished never to be dramatized, so a production was immediately stopped in the theatre. One has often heard of critics "killing" actors, but here is a story of actors killing a critic, in the Kensal Green meaning of the word. Clement Scott's outburst on the characters of actors so outraged Messrs. Irving, Bancroft, Tree, Wyndham, and Hare that they wrote to the proprietor of *The Daily Telegraph*, asking him to dismiss Scott from the staff. He did so, and Scott died soon after. Dame Kendal refused to sign this letter, since she knew he earned his bread and butter on that paper.

In his novel, **A Shade Byronic (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.)**, **Mr. John North** has a good idea, but I am afraid he does not bring his ghost to life. Little Miss Myles, who found that she had the ghost of Byron at her elbow one night in Piccadilly Circus, might have made more of her companion. Unhappily Mr. North makes him completely dumb which robs the story of all dialogue. Miss Myles was suffering from an illusion. There is no reason why an illusion should not talk, as well as eat potatoes mashed with vinegar, and go on an excursion to see the grave of John Cam Hobhouse at Kensal Green. The trouble is, I think, that the idea is too slight for a full-length novel, and the ghost is terribly extenuated. But it is a book to read with pleasure, first for the literary scenes evoked, then for the charm of the writing, and lastly for that sense of leisure which is deserting much of our literature. Henry James would have read it to the last page.

The three stories under the heading, **The Three Cocktails, by Alicia Ramsey (Heritage. 7s. 6d.)**, fill one with sadness, not only for the tragedies they relate, but because these are the last stories from a gifted pen. There is action in every line of this swift dialogue, and a sense of the theatre, in that suspense is always present to the last fall of the curtain.

On page 286 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

MR. JOHN NORTH, author of *A Shade Byronic*—a new novel published by Messrs. Jarrolds

THE WORK of FRANCESCO LAURANA

Two Notable Examples to be Sold at Auction Next Week at the Anderson Galleries, New York

"PORTRAIT OF A PRINCE OF ARAGON": A Neapolitan marble bust (circa 1425–1500) included in the noted art collection of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan, which is to be sold at the Anderson Galleries, New York at the end of next week

"A PRINCESS OF ARAGON": A companion bust to that on the left which will also be sold next week in New York. It is in Laurana's most distinctive style, and was formerly on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT PALERMO: Francesco Laurana's bust of the Infanta Eleanora of Aragon. Her father was King of Naples and Sicily

LAURANA'S BUST OF BATTISTA SFORZA in the Bargello at Florence. Note that the oval inscribed base is identical in form with that appearing in the picture immediately above

Francesco Laurana was born at Zara, Dalmatia, and achieved distinction at the Court of King Alfonso of Aragon for whom he appears to have carried out many commissions in Naples. Judging by the variety of styles to be observed in his various works, it is probable that Laurana was inclined to be influenced by and to act upon criticism. Adolf Venturi in his great work on the History of Art devotes several pages to this sculptor, while Professor Planishing, Director of the Art Museum at Vienna, is at present engaged on a detailed survey of his life

FARMING ON PNEUMATIC TYRES: An interesting demonstration held on a farm at Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, to show the advantages of ploughing with a tractor fitted with low-pressure pneumatic tyres

HIGH-SPEED POTATO PLANTING: The tubers are fed into the trough and, as the tractor moves forward at about 10 m.p.h., are set in the ground at the correct distance apart

MECHANIZING THE SUGAR BEET INDUSTRY: A German machine employed for piling the beet after pulling. Manual labour has in many cases been found to have made the cost of production prohibitive

THE OATS HARVEST: A reaper and binder at work at Norbury Park Farm, on the Guildford main road. The crop was a particularly good one this year

THE KEY TO ECONOMIC FARMING

A tractor at work during the harvest in a Kentish cornfield

MECHANIZED AGRICULTURE

Losses to the Countryside which may Ultimately be Outweighed by the Benefits Accruing to the Farming Community

Although we have at this point of the twentieth century travelled far from the atmosphere of hostility to machinery depicted in some of Mrs. Gaskell's novels of Northern England, one cannot avoid serious reflection upon the mechanization of agriculture, and its effect on the countryside. Tractors, of course, were in use before the Great War to draw farm implements, and it is worth while noting the results of tests made in 1914—tests which proved very valuable indeed during the War, and enabled our army of land girls to keep the land in cultivation for those who had gone to the front. In 1914, then, we find that a tractor drawing two 3-furrow ploughs took twelve hours to plough a field of over 16 acres, at a cost of £2 1s. 6d. Two self-binders attached to a tractor are reported to have done the cutting and binding of a 33-acre field of wheat at an average speed of 2¾ acres per hour.

In our own day the old-fashioned horse plough is still to be seen in some parts, particularly in hilly country. There are indeed few finer sights than a team of plough horses and ploughman silhouetted against the setting sun, at the top of a steep hillside on the Kent or Sussex Downs. But it would seem that the low price of corn crops in recent years is obliging the up-to-date farmer to seek mechanical aid to make his land pay. Good land has been going out of cultivation.

But better times are on the way, and mechanization has enabled the far-seeing farmer to keep larger areas in production with comparatively small capital expenditure. It has been estimated that 1,000 acres can be worked with a staff of four to six men, the capital equipment being something under £3 per acre. A large portion of this acreage would grow corn, and the rest other suitable crops in rotation. The feeding of such land would be by artificial manure. It is stated that a saving of from £1 to £2 per acre on such an area would be effected by the use of a Combine Harvester, the initial cost of which is about £450.

There can be no question when one compares the old and new methods of harvesting, that the old method is the more picturesque. But horses nowadays are expensive to keep. Three horses have to be fed and cared for to do the work of one tractor, which, when not in use, costs nothing to keep. It is generally recognized that, *when* the initial cost of mechanical implements can be met, this system does mean very considerable saving in expense and in time, and it further makes for efficiency and accuracy. In ploughing, for instance, the work can be expedited, and full advantage be taken of favourable weather.

The great flat stretches of land in East Anglia are obviously the most suitable for mechanized farming operations. It is on the very large farms, naturally, that it is most economical. The smaller farmer, however, can make use, if he is ingenious, of what motor power he possesses. He can use an ordinary car instead of a tractor. In this case he will probably find large low-pressure pneumatic tyres of considerable assistance on heavy land. It has been found, indeed, that balloon tyres fitted to an ordinary farm cart enable the horse to draw twice the load over rough ground with much less strain than by the old-fashioned iron-bound cart-wheels.

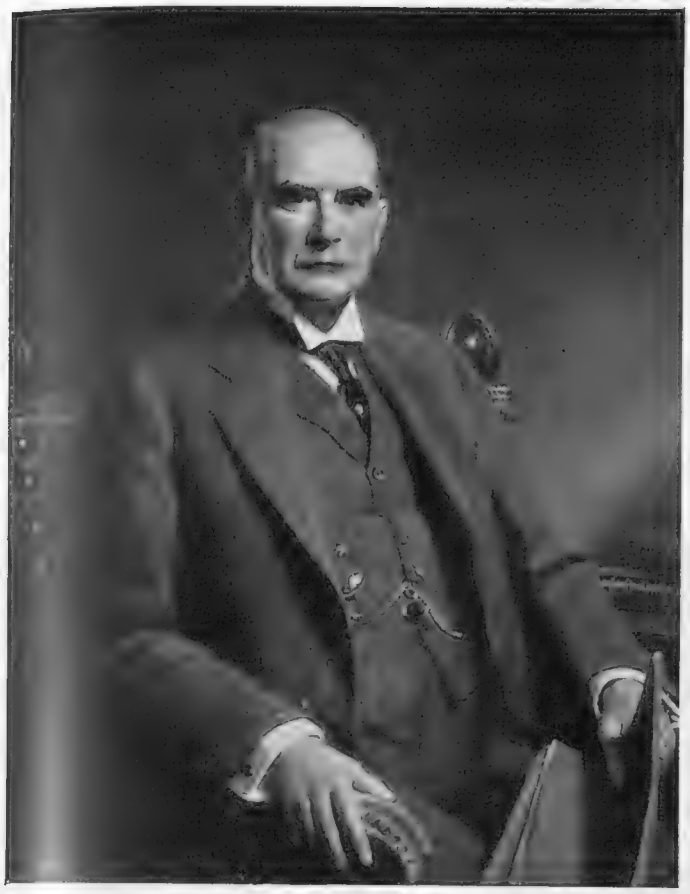
Apart from the ordinary tractor equipment of ploughs, harrows, and cultivators, experiments are being made in many directions with mechanization. One particularly interesting one by Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., is designed for drying young spring grass, to preserve its full value. This is done by passing the grass, cut when 3 or 4 in. long, through a species of ventilated oven, for a few moments. The grass so treated has a low fibre content, and high vitamin value. It can be compressed into nuts for winter feeding of dairy cattle. A further development of Messrs. Gascoigne's Baling Outfit, for out-of-door dairy farming, mentioned in a recent article on Milk in THE SPHERE, combines milking, recording each cow's yield of milk, passing the milk over the cooler and into the churn, with no handling whatsoever.

The social life of the country must suffer to some extent from all this mechanization. No more will the gay laughing crowds follow the horse or man reaper, binding the corn into sheaves; no more will the haymakers make merry tossing and turning the fragrant hay; no more will the sower go forth sowing in the old way. But there is plenty of work still left for willing hands to do. The age of mechanization has its benefits too. It brings the country into closer touch with the towns. It will bring, let us hope, prosperity once more to the farmer; and with prosperity, more money to spend, greater leisure to enjoy it, and therefore more inducement to keep the countryman on the land where he belongs.

M. Headlam

THE ART OF PORTRAITURE

Pictures from the National Portrait Society's Exhibition at Prince's Galleries and a Feminine Study from the Wertheim Gallery



"J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ., LL.D." *by* FRANK O. SALISBURY, R.P.

"MISS AUDREY LEWISOHN," *by* CATHLEEN MANN, R.P.

"MISS PRIMROSE SALT," *by* CECIL JAMESON, R.P.

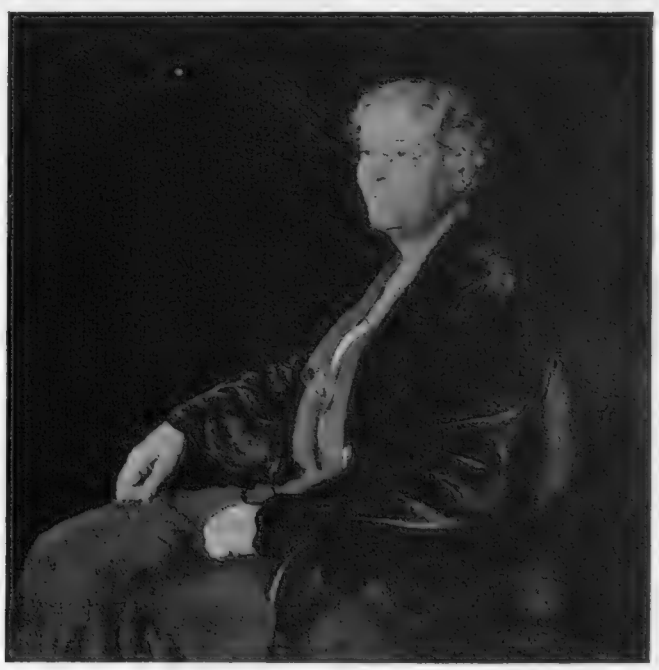
"Brig.-Gen. HARVEY KEARSLEY, C.M.G., D.S.O.," *by* H. HARRIS BROWN, R.P.

"THE RIGHT HON. LORD JUSTICE ROMER," *by* JOHN CREALOCK, R.P.

"THE EARL FITZWILLIAM," *by* R. G. EVES, A.R.A., R.P.

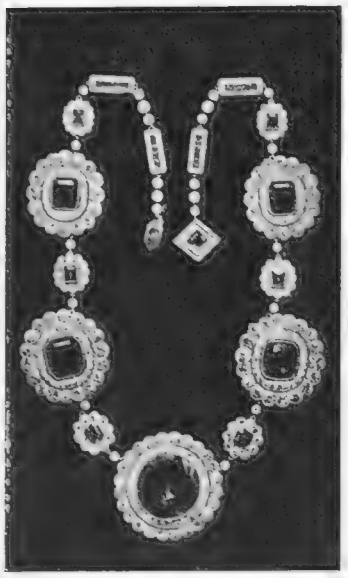
AT THE WERTHEIM GALLERY

"LADY IN BLACK LACE," *by* ROBERT B. GREENHAM, R.B.A., R.O.I.



"MISS E. L. YOUNG," *by* T. C. DUGDALE, R.P.

BUST BY JEAN-ANTOINE HOUDON of Marie-Adélaïde-Clotilde-Xavière de France, and dated 1774, scheduled for sale at Sotheby's on Friday of this week



THE PROPERTY OF A DUCHESS: A necklace composed of five emerald and diamond clusters auctioned at Christie's on November 8. It realized £3,000

AN EMERALD AND DIAMOND PENDANT (centre) and a pair of diamond pendant ear ornaments sold at Christie's for £1,470 and £1,650 respectively

TREASURES OF THE NUMISMATIST: A rare pound of 1642 (*left*) and the reverse and obverse of a Pontefract Castle shilling of 1648 (*right*) to be sold at Sotheby's next week with the late Colonel H. Morrieson's collection of coins

"EDITH, LADY PLAYFAIR": An early portrait by John Sargent which has recently been added to the collection at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It was painted when Sargent was twenty-eight years old and aroused considerable controversy while on exhibition at the Royal Academy. Lady Playfair, before her marriage, was Miss Edith Russell, daughter of Mr. Samuel H. Russell, and the last of three generations of the family represented by portraits at the Boston Museum

A PAIR OF ADAM MAHOGANY URNS AND PEDESTALS which Messrs. Christie's are auctioning on December 8 together with other property belonging to Earl Howe

A CHARLES I CYLINDRICAL TANKARD AND COVER, 5 in. high and 4⅛ in. diameter at base. It is to be offered at Christie's on November 29

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS

Some Outstanding Items at the Re-opened Sale-rooms

The sale-rooms have re-opened, after the summer vacation, to the joy of the true collector who is never really quite happy when the doors are shut. Once again the great rooms of Messrs. Christies, Sotheby, and Puttick and Simpson are filled with things rare and beautiful, which can be seen and handled and with luck may become one's own.

The coming weeks show sales of growing interest. During the present week at Messrs. Sotheby's a varied collection of books from fourteenth and fifteenth century Horæ to autograph letters of the nineteenth century will be dispersed. The two outstanding features in the sale are a First Folio of Shakespeare and an unrecorded edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The Shakespeare Folio has excited experts as it is one of the largest copies known and contains variants which have hitherto been unrecorded.

The copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress* attracted special attention from the fact that it is, apparently, the only copy known of its particular kind. It is dated 1683, and is called "the Sixth Edition with Additions," but does not seem to correspond exactly with any recorded edition.

A very fine copy of Herring's St. Leger winners, with coloured plates, which rarely appear in book form in the sale-room, is also one of the good things in the catalogue, along with many others, including autograph letters from Carlyle, Sheridan, Florence Nightingale, Nelson, and Dickens. There is an amusing letter from Sheridan, written while he was at Harrow School, to his uncle, requesting a new suit of clothes.

"The cause of my present letter is partly my want of cloaths (sic), for my brown ones are quite gone as I have had them almost a year, and those which I have now being of a very light colour, and having met with a few accidents are not remarkably clean though pretty decent, and I have been some time obliged to wear them every day.

"I have two reasons for desiring new cloaths; first as I have lately got into the 5 form, which is the head form of the school. I am under the necessity of appearing like the other 5 form boys; secondly, as the sylver arrow is to be shot for next thursday sennight and most of the boys having new cloaths at that time instead of August I should be glad, if it is convenient to you, to have them likewise. . . ."

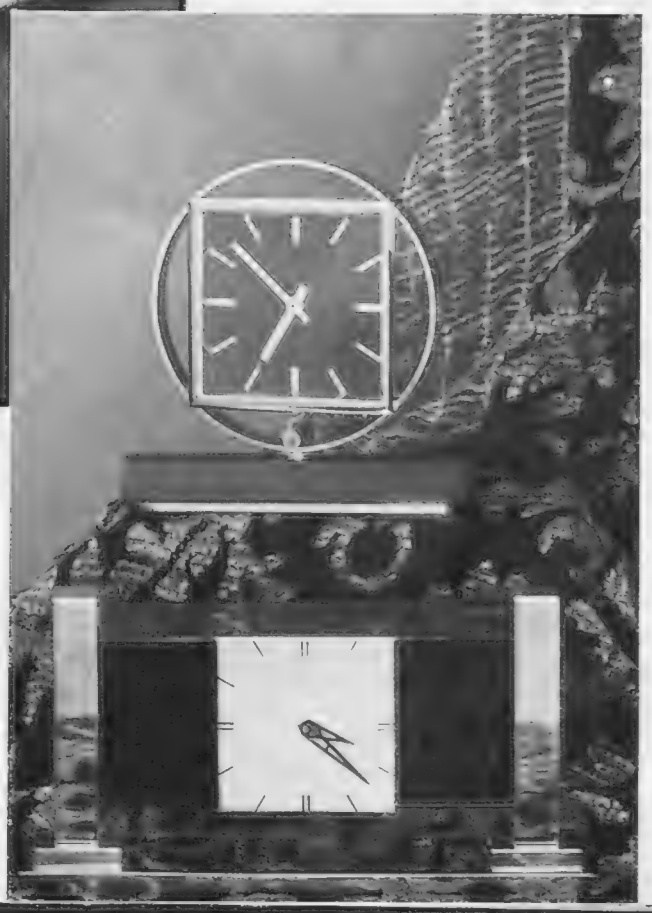
Messrs. Christies opened their rooms on the 8th in great style, with a sale of magnificent jewels the sight of which, even in the catalogue, would make any woman envious. The splendid two-row pearl necklace, and emerald and diamond necklace, described as the property of "A Duchess," look eminently suitable for ducal residences or for boxes at gala nights at the opera—they are superb of their kind. There was also a heart-shaped diamond of pink tinge, formerly the property of H.R.H. the Grand Duchess Anastasia, wife of the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, originally given by an Eastern potentate to Catherine the Great of Russia. These Russian jewels have always a tragic interest, for they leave one wondering how they came into the sale-room. The first picture sale of any great importance is on the 24th, when pictures belonging to the late Mr. Stephen Mitchell of Boquhan, Kippen, Stirlingshire, will be sold. Three of the pictures are by Raeburn—"William Swanston, Esq., of Leithead" and "The Farmer's Wife" (exhibited at the Scottish National Exhibition at Glasgow in 1911), and "Lady Mary Lyon when a Child."

Five days are to be devoted by Messrs. Sotheby to the sale of a marvellous collection of English silver coins from the time of William the Conqueror to the present day. The collection was formed by the late Colonel Morrieson, who was well known by all numismatic enthusiasts. Though he possessed all known types of English coins from the Conquest Colonel Morrieson specialized in the Stuart period, and especially those of Charles I, whose necessity for money during the Civil War caused him to mint coins in many towns, making the coinage of his date more varied than any other. The Parliament possessed the Mint at the Tower, while the King, wandering about the country with the Royalist army, was often hard put to it for means to pay his soldiers. The mints he used in besieged towns were, of course, temporary, and the silver was obtained from the silver plate given to him by his loyal supporters. Many of them bear the legend "OBS," short for *obsidio*, a siege, and have a castle gateway imprinted on them.

B. H.

Perfectly proportioned, with a complete absence of all extraneous detail so that the purity of its slender lines is thrown into high relief, the silver coffee set shown on the left comes from the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W., where it may be bought for £9 7s. 6d. An additional £12 secures the sterling silver tray which completes this dignified scheme

MODERN ART in PORCELAIN and SILVER

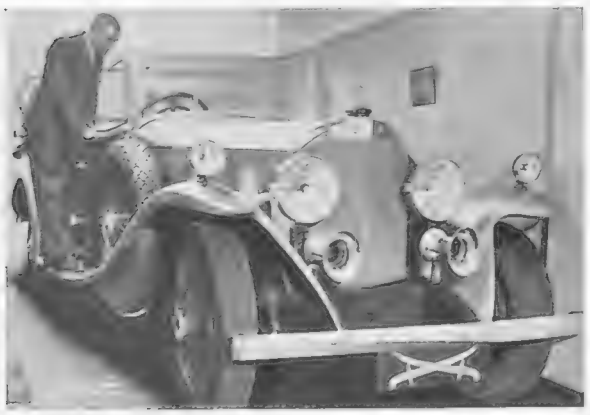


The first of the two modern clocks on the right is expressed in chromium on a black wood and chromium base. It costs £14 at the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company. Chromium and green crystal lend a translucent beauty to the second clock, the price of which is £9 10s.

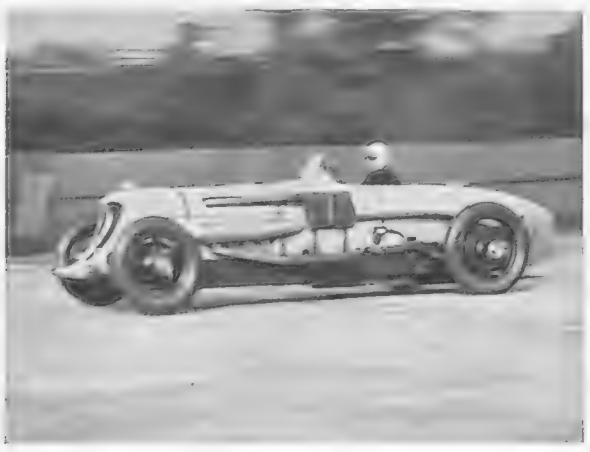
Designed by Arno Malinowski, whose name is known to collectors throughout the world as one who is pre-eminent among the band of artists assembled at the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Works, the two exquisite figures on the right are expressed in Blanc de Chine. Contemplative in spirit and living in truth, they are ageless in their aura of repose. On the left is the Iceland Girl, her quaint headdress emphasizing her quality of aloofness; and on the right is the Sitting Girl, a wholly beautiful study in unbroken curves. The Celadon square jar, designed by Hans Hansen, is inspired by old Chinese Celadon. The basic white shows through the thick green glaze in the relief work, giving it lightness and warmth. These, and many other outstanding examples of the work of modern artists in ceramic, may be seen in the salons of the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Company of 6, Old Bond Street, W.

A NEW WARNING SIGN: The Ministry of Transport have added this new sign for motorists to their list. It is to precede the automatic traffic lights at busy junctions

FOR CARS ONLY: An example of the speed roads which are being built in Germany. Here cars may achieve high speeds in perfect safety as no other traffic is allowed



FOR AN EASTERN RULER: A 220-h.p. Mercédès, designed especially to withstand the heavy conditions of trans-desert travel, which is being delivered to King Ibn Saud this week. Capable of over 90 m.p.h. this car cost £3,200



CROSSING THE LINE: Mr. John Cobb, driving his 500-h.p. Napier-Railton car, recently created a new kilometre world record and also achieved the fastest kilometre on Brooklands track from a standing start. He is seen going over the finishing line

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

Road Accident Figures—The Crawling Danger—Antediluvian Taxis—The Future of the Diesel Engine—Facilitating Continental Touring

The popular Press is still full of articles and opinions bearing on the subject of road accidents. The most fantastic schemes have been put forward and I regret to say not always by irresponsible people. I cannot agree that the accident figures disclosed in any way warrant the fuss that has arisen. People seem to forget that it is only natural that when the roads are more densely populated, so to speak, more accidents are bound to occur, and therefore when we read that the number has become greater there is no true reason for creating a panic if there are far more cars on the road than before. That very useful body, the Automobile Association, has recently published figures derived from their annual census of vehicular traffic on the roads of this country. The census was taken in September at more than 100 places during a period of one week. As a result we learn that during that week 3,252,050 mechanically propelled vehicles passed the A.A. observers, and this figure is actually half a million more than in the corresponding week last year. Surely with such an increase in the use of the road it is only natural to expect that the accident figures will mount up.

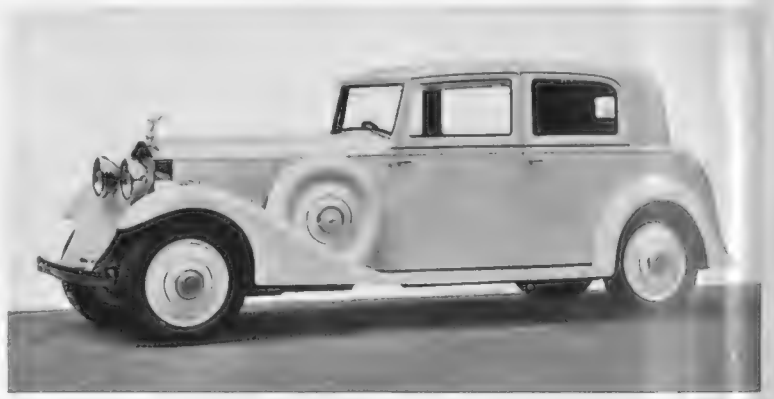
Another interesting fact emerges from this census. In five years private car traffic has increased 49 per cent., whilst the number of heavy motor vehicles using the roads has gone up by 63 per cent. On the other hand, motor cycles have decreased in number by 8 per cent. As I have pointed out on many previous occasions, statistics can be used to prove almost any side of an argument, and I would, therefore, advise motorists not to be over-impressed with the casualty figures published.

All the same, the number of accidents is far larger than is necessary, and we all, therefore, ought to do what we can to assist the authorities in making the roads safer. Hundreds of suggestions have been put forward, and quite a few are really worthy of trial. Speaking the other day with a prominent motorist from New Zealand, I was told that in that country the mobile police are very strict on seeing that all traffic hugs the left-hand kerb, and I cannot help but think that if our own mobile police could follow this example the results would be good. When a vehicle sits out in the middle of the road or even a few feet from the near-side kerb the distance between this car and the kerb is the amount the road is narrowed by that particular driver. In most cases our roads are none too wide, so when we have drivers in each direction coming out towards the crown of the road we have in effect only a two-flow highway. Overtaking with these conditions ruling is bound to be far more risky than if the drivers kept well into the side and allowed clear space for a third stream of traffic. I would not allow fast moving traffic to travel along the centre of a road. The police should be armed with powers to summons anyone who does not hug the kerb all the time except when overtaking.

We are told that there is a grave danger of the Minister of Transport being stampeded into introducing panic legislation such as the reimposition of a general speed limit. In all seriousness I suggest that a speed limit would be beneficial, but instead of its being a maximum figure which should not be exceeded it should be a minimum figure which must be exceeded. Such a speed limit should, of course, not be enforced in towns, congested districts, or on narrow roads, but it certainly should be enforced on our main arterial roads where these pass through open country. I do not for one moment suppose that the dear old lady and the frightened old colonel who ventured out in their cars on the Portsmouth Road on a Sunday afternoon and religiously go along at 15 m.p.h. think that they are doing anything but contributing handsomely towards the interests of safety. They would be horrified to hear that in actual fact their crawl is likely to increase considerably the number of accidents round about them.

I would ask them, therefore, to remember that as they jog along traffic behind piles up until the slow-moving car is at the head of a long queue. Everybody in that queue is anxious to move quicker, but the difficulty of overtaking is considerable, and it may be five or ten minutes before a really safe opportunity presents itself. In that long queue there is almost bound to be one if not more drivers who are inclined to be impatient. These will get fed up and eventually take a chance to get past. An accident probably happens and they are made responsible for the consequences. Certainly they were the direct cause, but indirectly the slow-moving 15 m.p.h. car was the culprit. These long slow-moving queues of cars are also dangerous from the pedestrian's point of view, and so I contend that everything, even the imposition of a minimum speed limit, should be done to break them up.

Only the other day I wrote in these notes a few remarks concerning taxicabs. Since then I see that as a body taxicab drivers have become very annoyed because they have been referred to as "the most dangerous drivers in London." I am certainly not going to accuse them in that way, but I do think the majority of them are painfully slow. It is an extraordinary fact that in London when you want a taxi some quaint old chariot appears and it usually seems to be driven by one's grandfather. Surely it is not in the best interests of traffic flow to allow these wheezy old vehicles and the decrepit old drivers to saunter through the streets. On the last two occasions that I hired a taxi, neither one nor the other could get up St. James's Street in top gear. If the authorities consider that it would entail too much work on their part to investigate the age of the vehicles which they license, I suggest that they might let the public know that there is no rule or law existing which makes it incumbent on them to take the first taxi on a rank, then the old decrepit vehicles would rapidly disappear and their drivers would have to retire. Many people do know that they are at liberty to pick out which taxi in a rank they prefer, but it is seldom done because it leads to arguments and abuse.



MODERNITY AND GRACE COMBINED: A Hooper sports saloon mounted on a 20-25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. This car is the property of Mr. Albert Schmidt, Rolls-Royce agent in Switzerland, and is being used by him as a demonstration car. The body, which was specially designed by him, is painted a light grey. The seats are upholstered in black leather with a grey beading

The heavy oil or Diesel engine has been much in evidence of late, and on many occasions I have heard conversations in which many well-informed people have asserted that before very long we shall be all motoring on a fuel that will cost a fraction of the price of petrol to-day. I only wish it were so, but surely it ought to be obvious that if petrol were superseded by a heavy oil the producers would naturally raise the price, and they could not be blamed for so doing, and the tax-gatherers would transfer their affections to the new fuel. I cannot see that there is any future for a Diesel type of engine in a motor car on the score of cheapness, but I hope we shall soon see the day when this type of power unit supersedes the present design. Where the Diesel engine will score is on the grounds of safety. The risk of fire will be practically eliminated; and important as this is from the motorist's point of view, it is ten times more important to those who travel by air.

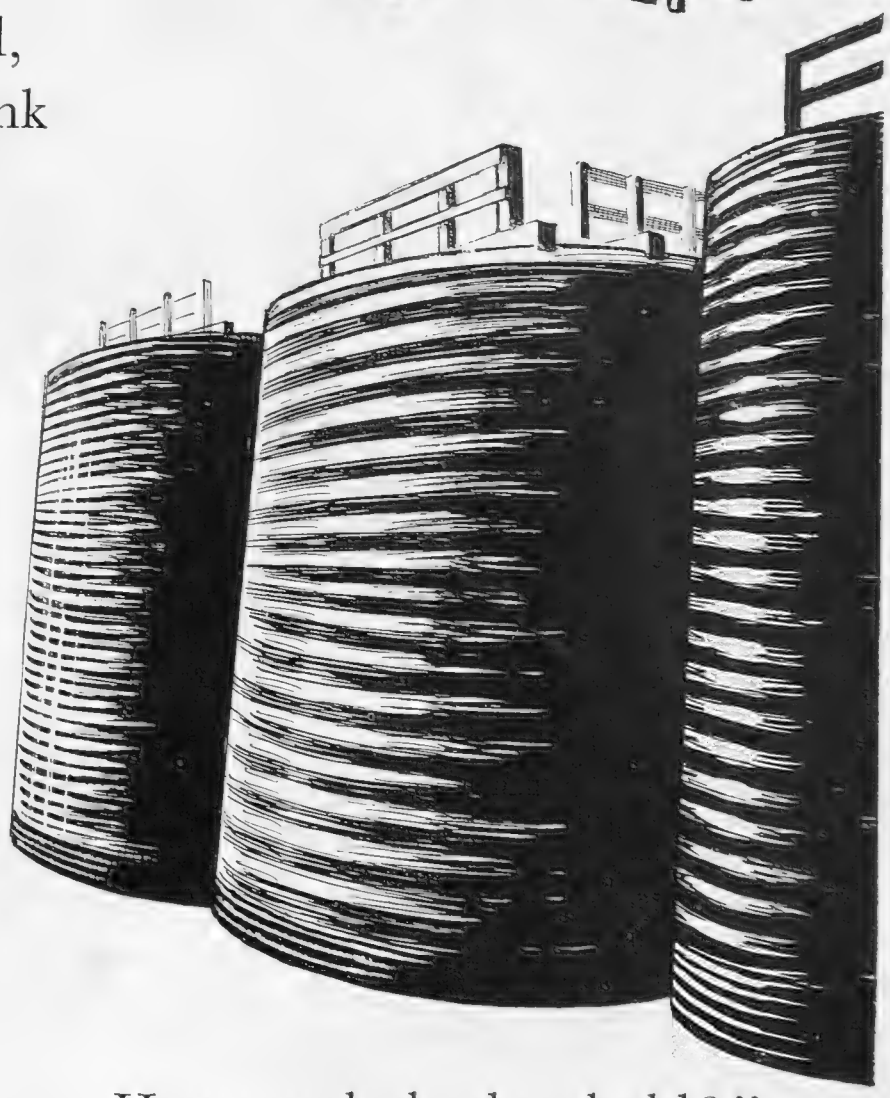
Ever ready with its efforts to serve motoring, the Automobile Association has been conducting an energetic campaign in an endeavour to secure exemption from the payment of tax on motor vehicles for the British motorist touring abroad. It may not be known to the average motorist in England that every encouragement is given by the British Government to tourists visiting Great Britain, by exempting them from payment of the ordinary tax for a period of ninety days. A number of Continental countries grant certain concessions to motorists visiting their territories, and recent additions to the list are Austria and Lithuania, who have come into line as a result of the negotiations conducted by the Automobile Association. The period of exemption granted British motorists visiting Austria and Lithuania is on the reciprocal basis of ninety days.

What next?

When I was young and had no sense,
On lollipops I spent my pence,
Which Nurse would often confiscate
And murmur as she crunched and ate
"Poison for Jack, for Jill is food;
"What's bad for you, for me is good."

When I was older grown and wiser,
And quit of cruel Nurse Eliza,
Instead of sweets, it came to pass
I purchased Guinness by the glass.
Soon by the case I had to buy it,
To give my friends a chance to try it.

With bottled Guinness I've no quarrel,
But now I get it by the barrel,
For careful trial made me think
A barrel gives a longer drink.



But glass or bottle, cask or tun,
This creed is held by every one:
"One thing alone is always true,
"Guinness is good for me and you."

"I'll take two of those, please. How much do they hold?"
"Ninety thousand gallons each."

A BOOK LIST

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NOTES and NEWS

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Refrigerators seem very high in the list of the blessings of civilization, and the new Al-fres-Co models for domestic use look like revolutionizing even the most conservative kitchens. The Al-fres-Co is economical in operation and works at a very small weekly cost. The interior capacities are $4\frac{1}{2}$, $6\frac{1}{2}$, and $8\frac{1}{2}$ cub. ft. respectively, the shelf area in each case being 8, 8, and 12 sq. ft. The food storage compartment is fitted with convenient removable rustless metal shelves. It is finished with special white enamel which does not chip, craze, or discolour, and all corners are rounded off to facilitate cleaning.

Food can be stored, without fearing deterioration, only at a temperature of 45 deg. F. or lower. The Al-fres-Co can be set to any temperature, and its presence in the kitchen solves all the difficulties of the long week-end and the Bank Holiday.

An attractive booklet, which includes a number of refrigerator recipes compiled by M. Colognato, has been produced by the manufacturers, British Automatic Refrigerators, Ltd., and can be obtained from their address, Eccleston Court, Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1.

A New State Express Brand

The industrial depression has been hard on small luxuries; these are the first to be "cut" in an economy campaign in one's personal budget. That being so, readers who are cigarette-smokers, and particularly those who are connoisseurs of fine Virginia tobacco, will be interested to hear of a new brand of cigarette put on the market by a very well-known firm, the manufacturers of State Express cigarettes. Realizing the needs of the times they have introduced a new State Express luxury cigarette, namely "333," and this at the moderate price of 6d. for 10. State Express have been manufacturing cigarettes for nearly fifty years, and the new State Express "333," we learn, are guaranteed to be all pure Virginia tobacco, specially selected and matured by age.

Westminster Hospital to be Rebuilt

For 100 years Westminster Hospital, originally founded 214 years ago and the first of the voluntary hospitals, has occupied its present site in Broad Sanctuary. What was, in 1834, a modern building, spacious and commodious, is much too small to-day to meet the ever-growing calls upon its services. The present 100-year-old building cannot further be enlarged, and every effort to obtain the adjoining site for extension has failed. The Governors of Westminster Hospital have secured an optional contract on a most desirable and advantageous site overlooking St. John's Gardens, Westminster, within a stone's throw of the present hospital. Experts regard this as the finest available site in London for a hospital. The cost of the site and the erection of the new hospital and its medical school will be approximately £700,000. Of this, £350,000 in new money will eventually have to be obtained. The immediate problem of the governors is to collect £100,000 before March 31, 1934, in order to fulfil the contract for the purchase of this wonderful new site and to enable the governors to proceed with the new building. The scheme of reconstruction has been submitted to the President, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who has expressed his full approval in a very encouraging message to the governors of the hospital. King Edward's Hospital Fund have also approved of this important progressive decision on the part of the governors. Donations made payable to "The Treasurers of Westminster Hospital," Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.1, will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

TRAVEL THAT REPAYS.

A world-traveller lately home from a first visit to South Africa, observes in pleasant reminiscence that Africa was the first Continent to figure in history but the last Continent to be explored.

What an inviting line of thought for your travels this Winter!

South Africa, Land of Sunshine, linked with Biblical lore—the Phœnicians, the Pharaohs, King Solomon and Sheba's Queen, the Ptolemys, Antony and Cleopatra; the land of Prester John, of Diaz and da Gama, and, further down the centuries, the land of Livingstone and Stanley, of Kruger and Rhodes.

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How we can do this is told in our little Handbook "The Sign of the Springbok" (A.X.). A copy will be mailed *gratis* immediately on request to the Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2. ('Phone: Whitehall 4488.)

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Modern women may be quite capable of ordering themselves a cocktail; but they're still women for a' that. For even now, as these cousins, Fay and Caroline, indulge in mutual admiration for each other's appearance, they are simultaneously thinking: "She *would* buy new shoes without telling me, the cat. What a blessing that Lilley & Skinners always have such a vast and varied collection of new designs. How *frightful* if we'd turned up looking like twins!"

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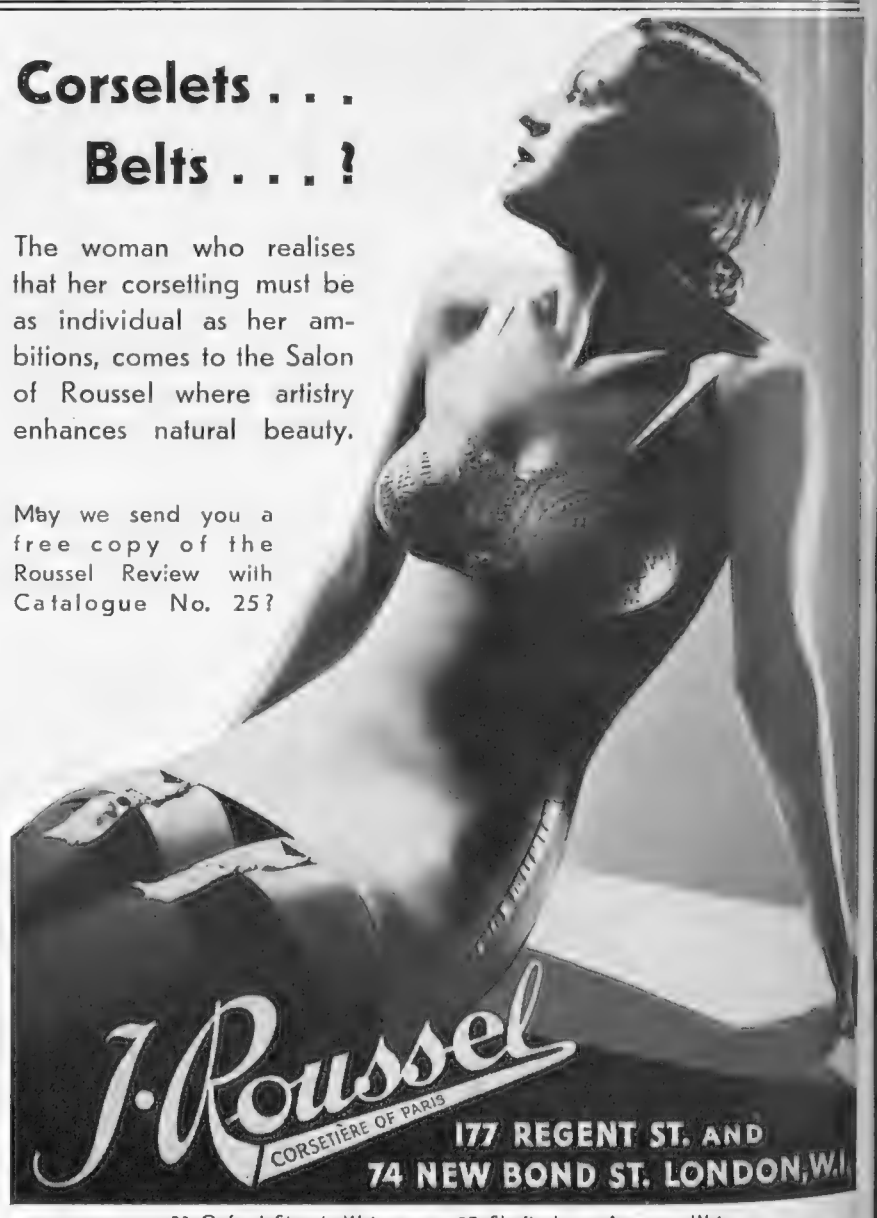

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A colourful impression of a family posing for the camera in Queen Victoria's days. The original was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1933, and is one of the most pleasing studies emanating from an artist with a rare understanding of colour combinations.

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In which **Patrick Balfour** defends an age-old practice, and discusses some of the famous and infamous characters who have been the subject of contemporary gossip. Nero was evidently the most discussed of Roman Emperors, his extravagances and debauchery providing his people with ample conversational spice. **Mr. Balfour's** article is admirably illustrated by **Hookway Cowles.**

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Verses by **Basildon** and illustrated in colour by **Wyndham Payne** warning Christmas guests against providing vocal entertainment whilst taking their morning bath, against conversations at breakfast, and touching, in lighter vein, on other matters of domestic import.

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A well-told short story by **Christine Jope Slade.**

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With the nobility and gentry in the fashionable watering place of the west in the days of Beau Nash's stern dictatorship. A colourful account written and illustrated by **Charles Robinson.**

Page 25—HOME WITH THE HOLLY
A Christmas camera study from rural Sussex by **G. C. Garland.**

Page 26—THE PALACE OF PLEASURE
A tale for the Children.

Page 27—WAGGERY IN THE CANINE WORLD
A page for dog lovers revealing some of our four-legged friends in the poses that make them so lovable.

And so on: Over sixty pages of delightful seasonable reading amidst a riot of mellow colour.

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PANTOMIME TIME

(Continued from p. 274)

are always one or two more which come in at the last minute. I can remember one six years ago for which I was indirectly responsible myself. A man told me a joke about his cursing what he thought was a head waiter in a French restaurant and saying angrily "Why is the bacon so tough?" The reply was, "I am very sorry, sir, I have not yet got the tune from America, but I know it quite well." For, actually, it was the leader of the orchestra whom he had addressed. That song, though it was a last minute affair, was published by twenty or thirty publishers; it was recorded by eight or nine gramophone companies and figured in about a hundred pantomimes.

Generally speaking, pantomime to-day is almost exactly what it was at the beginning of the century. As I say, the gags are new and the songs are new, but tradition is so strong that the demon king must enter only from the left-hand side; the fairy queen may only enter from the right-hand side; and there must always be a palace scene in the last act, with a procession down to the footlights, unless it is *Dick Whittington*, when you have the Lord Mayor's Show. There are three other differences. The harlequinade is dead. This is partly because it was used so much as an advertising medium by the comedians and partly because children are afraid of clowns. Also the "grand transformation" scene at the end is seldom used nowadays. You can probably remember how the scenery was turned round in view of the public; girls came on riding on swans, and there were quantities of red fire. Nor are there any ballads any more.

It is strange, however, that though children are afraid of clowns they like cruel scenes. It is essential that there should be murder such as that of *Jack the Giant Killer*, and various assaults on the stage. Children have written in more than once to producers to complain that when the cat fights King Rat in *Dick Whittington* not enough rats are killed. For scenes of bloodshed are always the high spot, except in *Cinderella*.

Rude humour and slapstick, too, must always continue. There are also the theme ideas which have to be chosen almost at the last minute. What they will be this year has not been decided. Last year the Means Test was topical and fitted in very nicely with Mother Goose, for Mother Goose goes to the Pool of Beauty after laying her golden eggs, loses her simplicity, and then has to go to a Means Test Committee. Also in *Mother Goose* the Atlantic flying was neatly introduced with the Atlantic flyers in an aeroplane following Mother Goose to Gooseland. That is one of the trickiest parts of producing a pantomime, to introduce a national topic into a pantomime so that it does not jar too much. Each comedian has three or four different ideas each year, and it is up to the producer to decide which will least distort the book of the pantomime.

But don't forget. If you go to the pantomime this year and see that the demon king comes out from the right-hand side and the fairy queen from the left-hand side, the producer does not know his job. Tradition is everything in pantomime.

RENT DAY on the PRINCE'S DARTMOOR ESTATE

(Continued from p. 267)

Speeches are imminent and all is set for the royal and loyal toast, for the greetings from the Heir to the Throne who is also Duke of Cornwall.

The secretary is on his feet now; silence is gradually obtained and he speaks through a mist of smoke; there comes his unrehearsed and most disarming phrase: "*You moormen are darn hard to know . . . .*" and he gets a laugh (but a grim laugh) for it. Then "*This custom of holding an audit dinner in the Duchy remains only on Dartmoor—you are tenacious of your moorland rights and equally tenacious of your ancient customs. . . .*"

Ancient gives place to modern; there is advice about the tourist trade; about development of subsidiary activities to offset loss of established activities—ponies, for instance, are not now profitable.

It is now time for the next stage of the party and the guests move, or are shepherded, in a body to the Duchy Hall for their cinema show. With the show over and rent day another year ahead, the farmers depart on their ponies and in their cars. Miles of exposed roads that stretch like taut ribbons over the huge desolate curves of twilight and Dartmoor; below there, as we leave the town, is silhouetted the mass of the prison, pinpointed with lights.

On their way eastward those farmers may stop, mellow as they are with their landlord's roast and ale, at that lonely inn on the summit of the road. Here their ancestors, could they see them now, would notice few changes from their own day: same bleak moor, same breeched and muffled guests in the same bar-parlour, with that same fire that has burned through 400 years without relighting—only perhaps the beer is different! And one does not now find there (as once a visitor found) a corpse in pickle in the best bedroom, awaiting the thaw and possibility of transit to the decent burying ground.

It is not changed way up above Chag-y-ford, where, in the fold of a precipitous hill, stands the stone cottage of the reeve and his wife. She was once a schoolmistress who met her future husband in a Zeppelin raid, and finds that romance has not been lost over the years. There, too, is a nice cup of tea! When Jim Endacott, in his brown velvet jacket with its brass buttons, rides out you might think of old-fashioned days; but ride out behind the Royal landlord for a day, and find that it is definitely of the twentieth century.

A famous Dartmoor writer said: "The forest belongs to the Prince of Wales, but has never, I think, been visited by him; were he to do so now he would be surprised, and not a little indignant, to see how his tenants were housed. . . ."

This was written in 1900. Since then, those who toil around in the wake of the tireless Prince and his equally persistent secretary know a great deal of difference. Mrs. Pascoe, in her sturdy stone cottage, knows it too! She has just added another clay pipe to her collection, and she adds, "No! my rent has NOT gone up; the Prince don't raise the rents on old tenants. . . . and if you'd come a bit earlier you'd have had a pastie—but what about some nice rhubarb wine?"

Joan Woollcombe

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Many of those who watched the Lord Mayor's Show on November 9 will have noticed the absence from the procession of the Band and Boys from the *Arethusa*. This was occasioned by illness in the Training Ship. The New *Arethusa* still requires £10,000 to pay for balance of cost of fitting out the Ship, etc. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send donations towards this sum, and help this great work of training poor boys for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine? All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen	The Caledonian H.
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Do.	"Deva" Private H.
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Anglesey	Cliff Hotel, Treardur Bay
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room H.
Do.	Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent	The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool	Empire Private H.
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Do.	Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset	Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis	Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do.	Gresham Hotel
Do.	Arlington Private H.
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Twr. H.
Do.	Branksome Dene H.
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Pte. H.
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina Hse. Pte. H.
Do.	Osborne Priory H.
Do.	Westminster Hall H.
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge H.
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mans. H.
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Do.	Old Ship Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms H.
Bude	Falcon Hotel
Do.	Grenville Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion H.
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House H.
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House H.
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court H.
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Coniston	Raeburn Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Pte. H.
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Do.	York Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms H.
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian H.
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	"Donnington," Enys Road
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth H.
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Manor House Hotel Budock Vean
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's H.
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Do.	The Midland and Royal Hotel
Goathland	Goathland Hydro H.
Golspie	Sutherland Arms H.
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Hailsham	Woodside Resident'l H. & Country Club
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydro Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Harrogate Hydro H.
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-T.	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft & Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House H.
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private H.
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale H.
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private H
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House H.
Letchworth	The People's House
Lewes	The Shelleys Hotel
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gl'ster Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court H., 29, Leinster Gdns., W.2
Do.	Craven H., Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell Hse. Pte. H., 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Cumberland House Private Hotel, Kew Gardens
Do.	Euston H, Drummond St., N.W.1
Do.	Grafton H., Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbdg., S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand H., Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Palace H., Bloomsbury St., W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt H., Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor H., 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington H., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Pl., S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensboro' Ter., Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	The Hotel Vandyke, Cromwell Road, S.W.7
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do.	Wilton H., Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lundin Links, Fife	Lundin Links Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Minehead	Kingsway Pte. Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace H.
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Pte. H.
Portheawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle H.
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart H.
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence H.
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private H.
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales H.
Do.	Parry's Waverley H.
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff H., Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen H., Babbacombe
Do.	Dartmeet Private H., Belgrave Rd.
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor H.
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links H., Babbacm.
Do.	Livermead Cliff H.
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria & Albert H.
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private H., St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester H.
Wellington, Somerset	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Pte. H., Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House H.
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay H.
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

S., Edinburgh (Malaga).—There is one bus service per day between Malaga and Algeciras, leaving Malaga at 8 a.m., arriving Algeciras at noon; and in the reverse direction leaving Algeciras at 1.30 p.m., arriving Malaga 6 p.m. The short crossing from Algeciras to Gibraltar is accomplished in thirty minutes, and there are four services daily in each direction.

B., Belfast (Fares to Malaga and Algeciras).—The 1st class return fare from London to Malaga viâ Newhaven, Dieppe, Paris, and Madrid is £19 18s. 3d., though this ticket is available for ninety days only. A return ticket available for more than three months costs £26 10s. 6d. It is possible to travel to Gibraltar by the Orient Line for £18 1st class return.

M., Persia (from Basrah to Paris).—There is an air service from Basrah to Cairo every Thursday, the fare being £30. When in Cairo you should endeavour to make the trip up to Luxor, famous for its temples and tombs. The 1st class return fare from Cairo is £5 10s., and as you could go up over night, you would not lose much time travelling. The 1st class steamship fare from Alexandria to Rhodes is 630 lire, and from Rhodes to Istanbul 495 lire. Sailings from Alexandria and Rhodes are roughly every fortnight, but the Nairn Transport Company of Baghdad will be able to give you full information concerning these. The 1st class fare from Istanbul to Paris is approximately £25 10s. There is no boat service up the Danube from Budapest to Vienna during the winter. This only runs from the beginning of May.

O., Warwicks (Teneriffe).—February would be quite a good time to visit Teneriffe, though naturally the later in the spring one visits the Canary Islands the more pleasant it is; April is the ideal month. There are weekly sailings to Santa Cruz, the port of Teneriffe, by the Yeoward Line boats from Liverpool. The return 1st class fare is 28 guineas. The first short cruise in 1934 touching Teneriffe is that of the *Laconia*, which leaves Southampton on March 10 for a sixteen days' cruise to Morocco, Canary Islands, and Madeira, the fares ranging from 25 guineas.

O., Yorks (Swiss winter sports centres).—Zermatt is best known for its ski-ing facilities, though there is a skating and curling rink there. Villars and Mürren are both excellent centres for the two latter sports. The average amount of sunshine in January at these three places is as follows: Zermatt, five-and-a-half hours per day; Villars, six to seven hours per day; and Mürren, five hours per day.

Hints for Travellers

MORE CHEAP TRAVEL IN ITALY.

We have just received details of another remarkable reduction in fares being granted by the Italian State Railways. From now up to April, 1934, it will be possible to book a return ticket to Palermo, Sicily, for £14 3s. This covers 2nd class travel viâ Newhaven-Dieppe. The ticket is valid for thirty days, and may be extended for a certain number of days on payment of a small supplement. This reduction in fares should certainly tempt people to visit Sicily, as the island in itself is very lovely, and would prove a capital place in which to spend a winter holiday.

CHRISTMAS RAILWAY EXCURSIONS.

The Southern Railway are issuing special week-end tickets to Paris for the Christmas holiday. The return 1st class fare viâ Newhaven-Dieppe will be £4 9s. 8d., and holiday makers can leave London on Friday, returning the following Wednesday. A seventeen-day ticket available for travel by the same class and route costs £4 13s. 5d. The L. and N.E. Railway have also issued a list of attractive Christmas excursions to various towns in Holland, Belgium, and Germany.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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